OUR FREE BOMB INSURANCE. See Page 6.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XVII No. 439 | SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1914 | ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper]

825128

For meaning of this No. see page ii. of cover.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If *Britain* to itself do rest but true.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

Largest Circulation of any Weekly Journal in the World.

"ZEPPELIN" PERIL COUPON.

(Insuring against ALL Enemy Aircraft).

Name of Insured .....

Address .....

.....

2 *Age next Birthday*.....

NOMINATION FORM.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the United Kingdom by Enemy Aircraft, I hereby nominate first myself, or in the event of my death :—

Name .....

Address .....

.....

to receive such sum as may become payable under the terms of the Insurance Scheme set out in "JOHN BULL."

This coupon must be signed by the Insured—or, in the case of children under twelve years of age—by their parents or legal guardians, and is available for London and twelve-mile radius till 8 a.m. Wednesday, November 4th, and all other parts of the United Kingdom till 8 a.m. Thursday, November 5th.

HARRY APPLETON

The Man who Always Pays,

24, Oswald Street, Glasgow; 3, St. Thomas Street, London Bridge, S.E.

Credit Accounts opened. Daily settlements a speciality.
Not represented on any racecourse.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER ?

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and PUBLISHED IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUE.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *of specified date*, bearing any of such numbers, we will, upon production within seven days of publication (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following correct claim has been received:—
JAMES SMITH, 67, Galway Street, Bath Street, City Road, London. October 3rd. 822,703.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of October 24th:—

008195	204379	393545	669492	897632
029335	216412	426470	704379	899421
043654	231210	453975	713338	904736
065393	253666	474139	720130	965457
089752	256861	495484	756365	969678
100037	261675	509499	764906	984100
119203	286590	529044	796832	990545
128719	301833	591628	809416	A002756
155927	339409	621476	851083	A018984
190329	371893	682389	855606	A037362

The A prefixed to a drawn number indicates it is plus a million.
The Fifty Numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published November 4th).

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 and loose 1d. stamp for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a John Bull Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull" or "Mary Bull," any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. You may send 13 Coupons, and P.O. for 1/6 only and loose 1d. stamp for postage. Address Pen Dept., "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. October 31, 1914.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

FIRST READ THIS.
If you predict the "Home" Team will win put in ink a X in the Home Column; if you predict the "Away" Team will win put a X in the Away Column. For Draws put a X in the Draw Column

John Bull ENTRANCE FORM.

Matches to be played Saturday, Nov. 14th.

HOME.	AWAY.	DRAW.	HOME TEAM.		AWAY TEAM.
			Aston Villa	v.	Sheffield U.
			Liverpool	v.	Middlesbrough
			Bradford	v.	Newcastle U.
			Manchester U.	v.	Burnley
			Bolton Wanderers	v.	Bradford C.
			Notts C.	v.	Everton
			Sunderland	v.	W. Bromwich A.
			Sheffield W.	v.	Manchester C.
			Glossop	v.	Barnsley
			Stockport C.	v.	Preston N. E.
			Hull C.	v.	Bury
			Leeds C.	v.	Bristol C.
			Clapton O.	v.	Huddersfield T.
			Derby County	v.	Birmingham
			Queen's Park R.	v.	Exeter City
			Bristol R.	v.	Brighton & Hove
			Croydon C.	v.	Gillingham
			Southampton	v.	West Ham
			Northampton	v.	Plymouth A.
			Watford	v.	Crystal Palace

I enter "JOHN BULL" Football Competition in accordance with the rules announced on this page and agree to accept the Editor's published decision as final and legally binding, and enter on that understanding.

Signed .....

6 *Address* .....

.....

Entrance Forms must be cut, not torn out.

Read Rules Carefully.

NOTE METHOD OF MARKING COUPON.

We have adopted the following rule for marking the Entrance Form:—If you predict the Home Team will win, put a **X** in the Home Column; if you give the Away Team to win, put a **X** in the Away Column. For a Draw put a **X** in the Draw Column.

2. Having done this, write in ink (typewriting or penciling will not do) your name and address in the space provided, cut out the Entrance Form, and address it to **"John Bull," 25, Floral Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.**, mark envelope in top left-hand corner, **Football Contest, No. 6**, and post to reach us not later than **Friday, November 13th.**

3. The sum of £1,000 will be paid to the Competitor whose entrance form contains the correct results, as published in the *Sporting Life*, of all the matches given played to a finish on November 14th. Should it happen that no entrance form be received giving the whole of the correct results, a cash prize of £100 will be paid to the Competitor sending in the most correct Forecasts whatever the number; and £25 to the sender of the most correct forecasts on a mauve coupon taken from *Mary Bull*. If the sender of an auve coupon should win or share the £1,000, or the £100, the *Mary Bull* prize will be awarded to the sender of the *next* most correct forecasts on a mauve coupon.

4. No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss or non-delivery of any effort. No correspondence will be entered into, neither will interviews be granted.

5. Any effort on which any alteration has been made will be disqualified.

6. In the event of a tie or ties in this Competition, the £1000, the £100 as well as the special £25 mauve coupon Prize, will be equally divided.

7. Our employees are strictly debarred from entering this contest.

8. Scottish readers may enter.

THE CLOSING DATE IS FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 13th.

DUPLICATE COUPON.

The following duplicate list of the matches is printed solely for the convenience of Competitors desirous of keeping a record of their efforts. It must on no account be sent in, and will not be accepted as proof of forecasts made on the Entrance Form.

H	A	D	TEAMS.	H	A	D	TEAMS.
			Aston Villa v. Sheffield U.				Hull City v. Bury
			Liverpool v. Middlesbrough				Leeds City v. Bristol C.
			Bradford v. Newcastle U.				Clapton O. v. Hudderef'ld T.
			Manchester U. v. Burnley				Derby C. v. Birmingham
			Bolton Wand. v. Bradfo'd C.				Queen's P. R. v. Exeter City
			Notts C. v. Everton				Bristol R. v. Brighton & H.
			Sunderland v. W. Brom. A.				Croydon C. v. Gillingham
			Sheffield W. v. Manch'er C.				Southampton v. West Ham
			Glossop v. Barnsley				Northampton v. Plymouth A.
			Stockport C. v. Preston N.E.				Watford v. Crystal Palace

JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XVII. No. 439 Week ending Saturday, October 31st, 1914. One Penny.

A WONDERFUL SHILLINGSWORTH.

THE "JOHN BULL" PORTFOLIO OF WAR CELEBRITIES.

16 SUPERB PORTRAITS, 1/- NET.
Size 8½ by 11. Mounted for Framing.

ON SALE AT ALL BOOKSTALLS.
Post Free 1/2 from JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.

£10 REWARD.

Wanted, the Copy of "John Bull" for OCT. 24th, 1914, bearing on its Cover the Number 310,172.
Apply THE MANAGER "JOHN BULL,"
93, Long Acre, London, W.C.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

That Recruiting Committee.

We have just returned, as we write, from two very remarkable demonstrations at West Hartlepool—held in the Empire and Grand Theatre respectively. They were organised by the local Recruiting Committee, and we were advertised as the "principal speaker." *That* brought down the *Parliamentary* Recruiting Committee upon the heads of the organisers—with the result that the newly-elected member, Sir Walter Runciman, and Mr. J. H. Thomas, M.P.—who had been announced to support us—were "forbidden" to put in an appearance; and, like a couple of helpless children, they obeyed! But with Lord Southampton, Major Meysey-Thompson, M.P., Colonel Robson, Mr. Gritten, the prospective Unionist candidate, and everybody who is anybody in the Hartlepools, on our platform—and the Mayor in the chair—we managed to do without them. And will the "Parliamentary" duds just inquire into the recruiting effect of the meetings? "Nothing," said an old resident, who has twice been Mayor of the borough, "had ever been seen like it in the place." Lord Southampton, who commands the county battalion of the Durham Light Infantry, said it "was a revelation"; whilst the local Recruiting Officer, Mr. Councillor Bennett—to whose initiative the rally was mainly due—is having a busy time enrolling recruits. We are sending him on a few forms of enlistment which were thrust into our car as we left the theatre. Oh, for a Business Parliamentary Committee!

De Mortuis Nil—

By the way, we heard a very sad story relating to the recent death of the late member, Sir Stephen Furness.

Untimely Ceremony.

It is to be regretted that Ministers have advised his Majesty to open Parliament "in state." There is a time for everything, and this certainly is *not* the time for state coaches, grey ponies, and all the other paraphernalia of the King's procession. The Lord Mayor has abandoned *his* show; and the King would be well advised to follow suit. And, thank goodness, we shall not this time have the official assurance that our "relations with all foreign Powers remain friendly." Upon the occasion of the last opening of Parliament we ventured to indicate what his Majesty, if left alone, would have said; and we hope that this time, at any rate, there will be no conventional flapdoodle. How we should like to draft the King's Speech!

Always Knew It?

Apropos of the manner in which the Press and the politicians are now telling the public that "all the time they knew it," here is a typical quotation from the *Evening News* of October 17th *last* year: "At this moment we can honestly say that the peace of Europe has no better friend than the versatile monarch whose qualities have won him the respect of all nations." And this: "We all acknowledge the Kaiser as a very gallant gentleman, *whose word is better than many another's bond* . . a ruler whose ambitions for his people are founded on as good right as are our own." Funny reading, isn't it?

Our Free Zeppelin Insurance.

A reference to the announcement which will be found on page 6 will show that we have improved our free insurance scheme by not requiring that the coupon should be actually on the body of the person injured. We are now in negotiation with various accident and other insurance agencies, and hope next week to be in a position to considerably extend the scheme. Meanwhile, it is being received with great public favour. Have you secured a coupon *for every member* of YOUR household?

Our War Album.

And *have* you got your copy of our war album? If not, just ask the bookstall clerk, or your newsagent, to *show* it to you. The album does the rest.

Oh Dear Us!

Here is a memorandum, issued by H.M. Office of Works, dated *October 14th*: "Bookcases: Board of Agriculture—Will tenderers please note that their quotation should be for fittings in 'First selected quality *Austrian* wainscot oak'?" What about trading with the enemy? Oh, *oh*, OH, for a Business Government!

An Old Prayer.

"God protect me from the man I trust. I will protect myself from him I trust not." If only our politicians had used this supplication when bestowing compliments on the Kaiser!

1,500 Xmas Turkeys for our Readers. See page 28.

Stiasny, the Beloved.

Judging by the epistle according to Mr. Henry R. Proctor, of the Leeds University, as published in a leather trades paper, the technical department of that mighty seat of learning is dropping scalding tears all over the place; and all because of one Professor Stiasny. "Unfortunately, the latter," says the blubbering mourner, "as an honourable Austrian gentleman and a reserve officer, has felt compelled to serve his country, and at the present moment is technically an enemy of this country, and unfortunately we don't know where he is. I am therefore doing my best temporarily to fill his place until the termination of this unhappy war allows him, as we hope, to return to us." Let our lachrymatory friend speak for himself, for we cannot credit that the senate of a University with the Duke of Devonshire at its head will fall in with the notion that, having left the seat of his discourses on leather to fight with our enemies, Professor Stiasny will be accorded an effusive welcome to his chair when he has finished sticking and shooting our friends. There are Britons who can talk and teach leather quite as well as any Austrian enemy.

Germhun Razors for Mr. Atkins.

A Sheffield expert explains to us that "the War Office and Army-purchasing authorities have been buying Germhun razors from dealers only because they cannot get sufficient supplies from Sheffield." Before the War, he never heard of any foreign cutlery being purchased by the British Government, but since the war Sheffield has been scoured for razors without avail. The Sheffield razor trade has long been one of Mr. Chamberlain's "dying industries," we are told, "very few men having been brought in and many having left to take up such occupations as street sweeping, which have found them regular wages." This authority thinks there is no help for it; Tommy Atkins cannot keep out of Germhun scrapes. There are, however, plenty of British safety razors—and these are just as effective, besides being much cheaper.

Stop this Fooling!

It is a further tribute to the patriotism of our men that a vast number turned up at Whitehall the other day in answer to an advertisement calling for 1,000 chauffeurs. But the usual want of business instinct was in evidence, and during the day numbers of the volunteers went away disgusted. The police licence to drive is supposed to be a high testimonial; but in the case of recruits it seems that it is not sufficient. Any candidate who had only the police licence, and was not armed with a batch of employers' testimonials stretching over four or five years, was sent away. Among the rejected were many London motor-'bus drivers—who are no doubt as fit as their comrades already at the front—and who have been well reported upon. Come, come, Lord K.!

A Purblind Parson.

We should like a few minutes' straight talk with the Rev. G. H. Evans, of Menai Bridge, who, in the fanatical ardour of his simple soul, is concerned lest his congregation "should be more zealous in recruiting for Lord Kitchener's Army than for the Army of Christ." We would explain to his faithless understanding that the lads in khaki are going out to fight for truth, honour, justice and humanity, and, in a measure, for every sublime concept immortalised in the Sermon on the Mount. We would remind him of many trenchant sayings of the great Teacher, which we have no space to enumerate here, and finally invite him to consider whether, after all, in discouraging recruiting, he has not rendered the gravest disservice to the causes which he most deeply reverés.

Traiterous Trash.

Since the outbreak of war we have more than once been gratified to find ourselves in complete agreement with Dr. John Clifford, but we respectfully suggest that he should be a little more careful as to the kind of people whom he permits to occupy his pulpit at Westbourne Park Chapel on Sunday afternoons. In particular, we would urge him to veto such pestilent nonsense as was recently spoken there by Mr. J. Scott Duckers. "The Kaiser," said the speaker, "might be an outrageous autocrat, but he was once the favourite grandson of Britain's greatest queen. . . . Rightly or wrongly, the Germans felt hemmed in by all Europe and warned off the pleasant places of the earth. . . . To dismember Germany or to overthrow the Kaiser would lead to a fresh crop of difficulties in a very short time." In Berlin this kind of slush would have been eminently appropriate, but in London it was an outrage upon the sentiments of loyal citizens. Next time Mr. Scott Duckers wants to air his views on the war, let him be man enough to stand outside the coward's castle of a chapel pulpit.

Army Contractors and Shoddy.

The Governmental rush into the arms of contractors, Germhun and other, is responsible for a vast deal of shoddy being shunted on to Tommy Atkins, and a vast deal of unlawful profit finding its way into the pockets of these gentlemen. How the stuff gets passed, Providence alone knows—well, that is perhaps not quite true, for we have an idea ourselves. There are things we have heard of which remind us of the Blue Books of the Boer War. "Why should not the War Office," asks the *Telegraph*, "have the assistance of a Committee of business men accustomed to catering on a large scale, and to the handling of supplies of all kinds in bulk?" It is the cry for Business again; it always comes back to that when Party politics are side-tracked.

***Une Affaire de* Cocoa.**

The organ of the great Fleet Street Cocoa Works is in high feather because the Tsar of All the Russias has taken his solemn affidavit that he will never, never, never permit Government monopoly of vodka in Russia again. Whatever comfort our cocoatarian friend can get out of the prospect of selling the Russians Cadbury's cocoa instead of Slinskipoff's vodka, it is welcome to; but when it continues to remark that the restrictions on the sale of liquor in this country are still far from sufficient and should be greatly extended, especially in the morning, we humbly submit that it is pushing the Cadbury product to intemperate limits.

In Memoriam!

When the Huns have been thrust back out of Belgium and the work of rebuilding begins, would not it be possible to leave one of the shattered towns in the state to which it was reduced by the marauders as a monument to Germhun "kultur"? Then, when Time and Nature shall have clad the ghastly ruins with beauty, and not till then, should the resentment of the civilised world against the devastating savages be permitted to soften; for by that time the Germhuns themselves, maybe, will have come to look back with horror and with shame upon the barbarous work of their ancestors' hands.

More Praise from the Parsons.

From the Rev. Cæsar Caine, of Cleator Vicarage, Cumberland: "Surely no one can read your page 'Hell with the Lid Off' without being stirred to the very depths of his nature." That is the brand of Caine we like.

A splendid gift for a Soldier or Sailor—a "John Bull" Pen.

A Prattling Provost.

We impugn no man's patriotism without valid reason, but we cordially dislike the tone of a speech recently delivered by Dr. T. Gregory Foster, Provost of University College, London. Addressing a general assembly of the staff and students, the Provost observed:—"For some years we have had a considerable number of German and Austrian students. *Most of them have returned to their own country.* Some have remained here *under special circumstances.* Some of those applied for re-admission to the College. They were known and *trusted friends of ours*, and we were glad to re-admit them." Glance again at the words we have italicised. What, we wonder, are the "special circumstances" which have detained the "trusted friends" of the Provost in England, while their colleagues have gone back to fight for the Fatherland? We note, moreover, that since the outbreak of war "many freshmen of German and Austrian nationality" have entered their names at University College for reasons which Dr. Foster assures us are "good and sound." How childishly simple and ignorant a learned Provost may be!

Dependent Mothers.

Hundreds of poor mothers, with soldier sons at the Front, are eagerly awaiting the redemption of the Premier's pledge that their claims upon the State shall receive "favourable consideration." It is plainly wrong that any woman who has been dependent upon a soldier for her means of livelihood should, at this juncture, be compelled to seek charity, and it is grossly unfair that unmarried soldiers should be required to deplete their slender pay for the support of dependent relatives at home. At present, wives alone can demand a "separation allowance," but in many instances the moral claim of a widowed mother is equally unanswerable in equity and justice. In all such cases the mere fact of dependency should serve to establish a legal right to maintenance. In cases of doubt let compassion incline the scale.

A Little too Previous.

Apropos of the Germhun in England, a German manufacturer, who was plaintiff in the Shoreditch County Court the other day, admitted that he was making paper feathers and tin trumpets for rejoicing when his country won at the end of the war. It is significant of the real feeling of the alien enemy whom we have taken to our hospitable bosom for so long. We do not wish to damp the patriotic commercialism of this enterprising gentleman, but we suggest that he is venturing his capital in rash and hazardous speculation. The Germhuns will not be giving orders for feathers and trumpets on *that* Day. What they will want will be sackcloth and ashes.

"Parasites and the P.W. Fund."

Referring to what we said last week about the parasitical horde who are fastening on the Prince of Wales' Fund, a reader draws our attention to what has happened at Willesden. "We have five local committees," he says, "and to each a secretary is appointed at £3 a week salary, the printing bill is an exceedingly heavy one, and to this must be added, I suppose, the cost of collecting the contents of the tin boxes and sums subscribed on collecting cards." It is time we knew what are the actual administration expenses of the Fund to date.

The Butchers of Belgium.

This is to inform Mr. Justice Ridley that we heartily approve of his suggestion that one of the conditions of peace dictated to the Germhuns at the end of the War should be the public hanging of the leading butchers of Belgium in the streets of Louvain. Their identity is established; and we should commence with Major von Manteufel.

The Modern Inquisition.

The Carnarvonshire Education Committee have just appointed Mr. Griffith Williams, B.A., to be Headmaster of Nantmor Council School. Whilst considering his candidature, the Committee put him through his paces. "Are you a regular attendant at chapel?" asked Mr. J. R. Hughes. The candidate admitted the failing. "Are you a teetotaler?" asked Mr. R. O. Jones. The candidate confessed to aquapuritan weakness. But when Mr. Richard Jones asked: "What tea do you drink?" it was too much for the more human members of the Committee. There was loud laughter. Mr. R. O. Jones arose in righteous wrath. "I don't like these people to treat my question lightly," he said. "There are some here who are silent when I ask it, and I prefer them." Naturally. "Do you sing and play?" asked the Chairman. Up jumped the facetious J. R. Hughes. "What was that? Do you pray?" he demanded, amid loud laughter. As a result, Mr. Griffith Williams, B.A., was appointed by a large majority; but we venture to suggest that the last questions put by the Committee were quite inadequate. They might, for instance, have asked the candidate whether he wore flannel next his skin; whether he cleaned his teeth at night or in the morning, both, or neither; and whether he suffered from cold feet—and *whose?*

Do it Again.

Two characteristic examples of the "Do it Again" sentence—we have noted several recently: One has been passed by Provost Stewart and Bailies M'Kay and Maclennan, at Dufftown, in Aberdeenshire, on a blacksmith who pleaded guilty to an indecent assault on a ten-year-old schoolgirl. "He was fined," says the reporter, "30s., with the alternative of 15 days' imprisonment. The fine was paid." Another comes from Wimbledon, where the Magistrates, with Mr. Tyrrell Giles, K.C., in the chair, passed the compassionate sentence of a month's imprisonment on a father for a revolting assault on his eleven-year-old child, apparently in the presence of her younger sister. We cannot for the life of us understand what magistrates, probably with children of their own, can be thinking of thus to encourage the offences of such abominable beasts.

Lock the Stable Door!

It would not be amiss if the authorities posted a special constable or two at Nos. 38 and 40, Upper Clapton Road. At present the Huns have a free hand there to play with a well-stocked timber yard in addition to several stores filled with highly inflammable things that would make a devastating fire. The premises also include the generating station for the L.C.C. tramway system, which could easily be put out of action. It is particularly indiscreet to leave such a vast and dangerous place unguarded; the more so having regard to the fact that anybody may enter the yard and roam about without challenge. We commend the matter to the attention of the local police.

Who Guards the Guards?

Consider, by way of illustration and illumination, what has occurred at Abbey Alton, where two hundred interned Germhun prisoners "considered not likely to give any trouble," and consequently guarded by six Boy Scouts, recently broke bounds, made for the public-houses, and got drunk. The idea of guarding Germhun prisoners with Boy Scouts is so novel that we venture the hope that it may be unique; indeed, if there is such a thing as an Iron Cross, or a monument of jackasses' skulls, which can be officially conferred on its author, he ought to have it.

Another £1,000 for Football Skill! New Contest. See page 27.

SPIES, BOMBS AND BUTCHERY.

GERMAN "CULTURE" IN THE FIELD—AND HOW TO DEAL WITH IT.

Last week we spoke in general terms of the great Spy Peril; and we incidentally referred to the impending raid by Zeppelin air-craft upon the homes and lives of innocent non-combatant citizens—against which latter danger, by the way, as will be seen by a reference to another page, we have formulated a scheme of insurance for the benefit of our readers. And we hinted that this week we might disclose some of the information in our possession—information not less startling than that which we then published, showing how, for instance, the wife of a Minister of the Crown had discharged a faithful and competent servant because of her being "so anti-German." But we have been approached from quarters whose wishes it were unpatriotic to disregard, not to shock public opinion more than our sense of duty may decide to be absolutely necessary, and have been requested to submit—as we are doing—our evidence to the War Office and other authorities. To a large extent, therefore, we must generalise, although we shall venture to indicate, without undue comment, some of the directions in which the police might with advantage bestow their activities.

The Real Spies.

To the *Daily Mail* and the *Evening News* the country owes a debt of gratitude for having forced the hands of employers in the matter of German waiters—and we hope that these powerful organs will extend their agitation against barbers, bakers, and other alien usurpers of industries which ought never to have gone out of British hands. And to the *Weekly Dispatch*, also, is generous acknowledgment due, for its magnificent articles from the pen of Mr. Robert Blatchford. It is not usual, we know, in these days, for one journal to go out of its way to pay compliments to another; but as we have, at times, addressed somewhat hard words to Lord Northcliffe, we gladly raise our hat to him for the part he is now playing. All that said, however, the great Peril of the Spy remains almost untouched. Waiters, barbers, bakers—valets and other private servants—are but the fringe of the thing. Many of them are honest, harmless fellows. For aught we know, even Karl Kritzer, the Minister's servant to whom we referred last week, may be actuated by nothing but loyal and patriotic sentiments towards his master and his master's country; but it is part of the penalty which every German-born man in our land must be made to pay that he be isolated from the Briton, and thus put out of the power to do mischief. Nor is it of any practical use to confine such isolation, or internment, to Germans of "military age." A spy may be sixty or seventy years old—or a woman; or a person of high estate; he may be a leader of society, or a member of Parliament, or even a member of the King's Privy Council! All our "precautions" so far taken, have been foreseen and anticipated by the enemy, who are laughing at us, with our registration and our five-mile limit—just as they are shrieking with merriment at our darkened lamps and searchlights as safeguards against Zeppelin raids. But to confine ourselves, for the moment, to the Spy Peril, what we desire to say is that the Man-in-the-Street is tired of kid glove methods. The least he insists upon is that—

(*a*) Every German and Austrian of fighting age be interned for the period of the war.

(*b*) Germans and Austrians beyond the fighting age be offered a choice between deportation and internment.

(*c*) Women of German or Austrian birth to be similarly dealt with, unless married to British subjects.

(*d*) German or Austrian subjects having failed to register to be interned for the period of the war.

(*e*) Persons suspected of espionage to be tried by court martial, and upon conviction, punished by death.

(*f*) The authorities to have power to revoke naturalisation papers in the case of any person suspected of treasonable acts or sentiments.

(*g*) Germans and Austrians naturalised within the last ten years to be required to furnish substantial sureties for good behaviour.

The concession of these simple demands would smash the great Spy Peril within forty-eight hours. There is nothing in them which is in the least degree inconsistent with our undoubted rights as a sovereign Power. Let us not weaken upon any point. The recently "naturalised" British subject of German birth may be among the most dangerous of the Kaiser's minions. In any case, we are at war, and can take no risks. If we cannot have these simple guarantees for our safety, then, in the name of all that is British, let us know why. The Man-in-the-Street has been patient beyond belief, but he is tired of fooling, and his patience is not inexhaustible. Already it has been sorely tried, and he begins to suspect. For the moment we give no tongue to his misgivings. We lay no unnecessary stress upon the fact that a German princeling is *First Sea Lord*, having successively held the posts of *Director of Naval Intelligence* and *Naval Adviser to the Inspector-General of Fortifications*. We will not stay to question the wisdom which has allowed a foreigner to occupy these posts, and, at the same time, has permitted a score of "naturalised" Germans to be sworn of his Majesty's Privy Council. The Man-in-the-Street has now observed these things, and he is not apt to distinguish nicely between men of German birth, while all that is dear to him is held ransom to German perfidy. Our demands brook neither denial nor delay.

A Word with the Government.

And now a word with the authorities on one or two points, reference to which cannot do any harm. We have only to add that under each head mentioned our information is at the service of the Government:—

What other Ministers, in addition to the one we have already named, are still retaining Germans in their service?

How many Germans are at present employed in the Postal Service—and especially in the Telephone and Wireless departments?

How many Germans employed in public departments, both at home and abroad (and especially in Egypt), obtained leave of absence and went to Germany just before the war broke out?

How many Germans have built, or acquired, residences in coast towns during the past ten years?

How many of our "British" Consuls were, prior to the war, men of German nationality?

What railways have German managers, superintendents, and other responsible officials still in their employ?

What municipalities are similarly retaining German managers and officials in their tramway services?

How many German-born officers are at present serving in the Navy, the regular Army—and the Territorial forces?

Are there any Germans employed by the London Water Board, with access to our reservoirs?

Is it the fact that within three miles of Grimsby the Chairman of the Parish Council was until recently the German Consul—and has he recently received the Iron Cross?

For what purpose have high chimney shafts been built in various districts?

Is the Registrar of one of the Universities a German?

Are Germans employed on some of our colliers following the British Fleet?

Have the men of the Prince of Wales' Fusiliers, and other regiments, been vaccinated by German doctors?

Are unauthorised persons wearing the khaki uniform of the British soldier, and thus obtaining entry to barracks and camps?

Are certain firms, controlled by Germans, now endeavouring to obtain supplies of ammunition from English manufacturers upon the false representation that they are acting on behalf of the French Government?

Are the Government aware that special Permits, authorising workmen to roam at large through dockyards and defence works, have been kept by the men after finishing their jobs? For instance, would they like to see the original of the following document, now in our posession, and which, but for our intervention, might now have been in the hands of an agent of the German Government?

No.——.

THAMES AND MEDWAY DEFENCES.

The Bearer —— being employed as —— at —— is permitted to proceed wheresoever his duties may take him.

J.M. CAREY, *Captain.*
W. L., *Assistant Provost Marshal.*

Surely the most elementary principle of prudence and business would have suggested that when a man, armed with such a permit, had finished his job, he should be required to give it up. At present, it constitutes an "open sesame" to any German spy prepared to pay for it.

THE BOMB PERIL.

And what of the Zeppelin peril? Are we going quietly to submit to this latest violation of all the laws of civilised nations as governing the ghastly business of war? Are civilians—men, women and children—to have their limbs shattered; are cathedrals, museums and other public buildings to be demolished by deadly aircraft coming, not like a thief, but like a murderer, in the night? Is this to be tolerated as the new method of warfare—as a fitting corollary of the abuse of the white flag of truce and the red cross of pity? We say emphatically that it is not; and there are two ways of dealing with the matter. Either we must retaliate in kind, as we are *supposed* to be doing regarding the mining of the sea; or we must adopt measures at home which will cause the Huns—the Germ-huns, as we have christened them—to pause. We lean to the latter plan. And with every born alien resident under control, the remedy would be at hand. Let a list be made of the most wealthy and influential amongst them—and then let a formal intimation be given to the Kaiser that for every bomb dropped on our shores by his airships—except in case of actual bombardment, with previous notice to civilians—one of such individuals shall forfeit his life—with an additional life for every victim of a bomb. In other words, those Germhuns who have been permitted to live and work amongst us must be held as hostages for the due observance by their Emperor and fellow-countrymen of the humanities of war. And we think we know enough of the influence of some of our German-bred millionaires to guarantee that, in face of such personal peril to themselves, that influence would be exercised with good effect.

GERMAN BUTCHERIES.

Just as we have suggested that in retaliation for every bomb outrage a German-born subject should forfeit his life, so we say that in return for every duly authenticated case of outrage by the German troops—whether upon British, French or Belgian subjects—a German should lose his life. There is no necessity for us to be oversqueamish in the matter of selection. We will take them either alphabetically or by lot. The time for false sentimentality has gone, and we must get to business. Once let the Kaiser and his fellow-slaughtermen know that two can play at the same game—and the rest is simple. We could begin, for instance, with Brunner, Mond and Co. And there would be no difficulty in extending the catalogue. We have only to look through the lists of bankers, members of the Stock Exchange and of the Baltic, to discover plenty of firms whose sympathies, despite all protestations, must of necessity be with the enemy.

And, war being war, there must be no nonsense, so far as we are concerned. These men—with their vast financial and other ramifications—can, if they please, exert more influence with the Kaiser than all the politicians put together; and it is up to them to see that the violation of women and children, the murder of civilians, the mutilation of wounded soldiers, and the attacks upon non-combatants are put to an end at once and for ever. This is the least debt they owe to the country which has given them hospitality for years past, and is now affording them a generous protection.

In a sentence, the spy peril, the Zeppelin menace, and the tale of German butcheries must cease—or those of German blood, now in our midst, must pay the penalty!

THE ZEPPELIN PERIL.

FREE INSURANCE AGAINST BOMBS.

As we stated last week, we regard Zeppelin raids as a danger which must be taken into serious account, and although it will doubtless be much exaggerated as the dark winter nights come on, we must leave nothing undone in the way of preparation.

In these circumstances, it behoves every British citizen to be on his guard. We fear that our present precautions in the way of searchlights and lowered and darkened lamps will be of small avail; and we must face the possibility of grave danger not only to our cathedrals and public buildings, but to life. AGAINST SUCH RISK SCARCELY ANY OF THE ORDINARY LIFE OR ACCIDENT POLICIES PROVIDE INSURANCE.

We have, therefore, determined to afford our readers an opportunity, free of expense, of insuring themselves against risk of either injury or death caused by the aircraft of the enemy. All they have to do is to preserve carefully the coupon which will be found on page ii. of our cover—AFTER SIGNING IT, WITH NAME AND ADDRESS; *and renewing the coupon every week, so that they always have the current week's coupon filled in. Thus this week's coupon holds good, in London and twelve miles round, until 8 a.m. on Wednesday, November 4th and in other parts of the United Kingdom until 8 a.m. on Thursday, November 5th—the difference in dates being explained by the fact that* JOHN BULL *is published in the London district on Wednesday, and elsewhere on Thursday.*

To every person of sixteen years of age and upwards, injured on land by the enemy's aircraft within the United Kingdom, and who before the time of injury had duly filled up the coupon which will be found on page ii. of the cover of this issue, or of such coupon from any subsequent issue, during the period therein stated, we will pay, to either such person *or to the person named therein*:—

In the event of death within 30 days	£500
In the event of injury permanently preventing such person from carrying on his or her usual occupation	£250
In the event of partial disablement ..	£100
For minor injury	£50

As regards persons under the age of 16 and over the age of 12:—

In the event of death, the sum of ..	£250
In the event of total disablement ..	£100
In the event of partial disablement ..	£50
In any other case	£25

In the case of children under twelve:—

In the event of death, the sum of ..	£100
In the event of injury, involving the loss of any organ or limb	£50
In the event of any other injury ..	£10

We shall not trouble ourselves about any question of "legal representative" or "next of kin." We shall pay the amount of the insurance to the owner of the coupon, or to the person nominated thereon, *and to no one else.*

Claims must be received by us within seven days of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor—whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim, however, can be entertained in respect of any one person.

SHORT COMMONS.

HOW VARIETY ARTISTES ARE HIT.

In the early days of the war we protested against the disposition of certain employers to cry before they were hurt, and to make their employees feel the pinch of "hard times" which they had not yet begun to experience. In briefly reverting to this matter, we are prompted by sympathy for a music-hall artiste, who, doomed to a period of enforced "resting," has invited us to consider his position. In April last he signed a contract to appear this autumn at several cinematograph halls in Devonshire, the first week's performances to commence at Tiverton on August 17th. Towards the end of the week he received the following letter from the proprietor of the halls:—

> With reference to your engagement for my three theatres, it is utterly impossible for me to keep them open and to pay full salaries. My staff are working for two-thirds salary. Will you transfer the dates to next year or work for two-thirds the amount stipulated in contract?

As, from his observation, the receipts at the box office had been quite satisfactory, our correspondent was not prepared to accede to this blunt suggestion. Receiving only two-thirds of his pay at the end of the week, he promptly instructed a solicitor to apply for the balance to which, by the terms of his contract, he was indubitably entitled. The lawyer's letter brought a remittance by return of post, but at Ilfracombe, the following week, he was again tendered the reduced salary which he had formerly declined to accept. At Brixham his experience was the same.

It does not appear that at either of the halls there was such a depression of business as to justify the withholding of salaries legally payable, and it is hard to avoid the conclusion that the proprietor was influenced by a regard for his own profits. Like many other employers, he seems to have sought protection from future losses in an immediate reduction of expenses. This cautious plan might have been free from objection had it been carried out with a proper regard for the legitimate interests of all concerned, but it certainly did not justify the breach of a legal contract in circumstances involving grave hardship to an artiste whose livelihood was seriously threatened by the unhappy turn of public events. Moreover, the letter in which the proprietor proposed drastically to revise a binding contract was about as brusque and casual an epistle as he could have penned. As we write we learn that the proprietor is a Territorial Officer, and we are glad to know that he is serving locally with his regiment. In these circumstances he is presumably receiving military pay, and can thus better sustain any loss which may arise upon the running of his picture halls. We trust that upon reflection he may take a juster view of the situation.

TOMMY'S TUCK SHOP.

COMMANDANT CAUTIONS CANTEEN CATERERS.

The General Officer Commanding at Aldershot has given a salutary warning to canteen tenants—and not before it was due. He says:—

> It has been brought to notice that the prices charged in canteens in this command for groceries, etc., are in many cases exorbitant, and out of all proportion to the current rates in London.
>
> Among the most noteworthy are the following:—
>
> | | | | | | | | |
> |---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
> | Bloaters | over | 500 | per | cent. | above | market | rates. |
> | Kippers | „ | 150 | „ | „ | „ | „ | „ |
> | Onions | „ | 100 | „ | „ | „ | „ | „ |
> | Potatoes | „ | 30 | „ | „ | „ | „ | „ |
> | Salt | „ | 150 | „ | „ | „ | „ | „ |
> | Vinegar | „ | 100 | „ | „ | „ | „ | „ |
> | Margarine | „ | 35 | „ | „ | „ | „ | „ |
> | Milk | „ | 25 | „ | „ | „ | „ | „ |

The Commandant then goes on to say that this state of affairs must cease, and that should any future case of extortion be brought to his notice the tenant will be severely dealt with. We congratulate General A. H. Gordon upon his intervention. But why not bring some of these tenant-thieves before a Court Martial? A soldier's pittance does not allow him to pay "through the nose" for the necessaries of life, and it must be remembered that he is forced to deal with the canteen, as he is unable to leave barracks.

Had your "John Bull" Pen yet? If not, get it *now*. Coupon on page ii of cover.

CANADIAN CONTINGENT'S APPEAL TO US.

SCANDALOUS TREATMENT OF DOMINION TROOPS.

We regret to say that we could fill several editions of our journal with letters of complaint respecting the treatment accorded to the brave chaps who have joined the colours. Below we give two communications—one written on behalf of 120 Canadians, and the other signed by a large number—indicating the manner in which, before they reach the front, we are breaking the spirit and ruining the health of our Colonial volunteers. It is all very sickening.

"As a volunteer with the Canadian Contingent, I should like you to publish these few lines concerning the scurvy treatment being handed out to us by the officials in charge. It is two months since the Contingent has been formed, and we have been virtually prisoners the whole of the time.

"We were first taken to a camp in Quebec Province, nineteen miles from anywhere, and were not allowed outside the camp grounds for five weeks; no leave was granted, and no liquor was allowed; there were some "dry" canteens where "soft" drinks and candies were sold at double and in some cases treble their value.

"After this five weeks of misery we were put aboard of ships, thinking that things would be better when we left Canada; but the same thing happened there—in fact, it was far worse. We have been three weeks on the water, and every other day have been doing pack drill, which every soldier knows is only given for misconduct. We have also had to pay dearly for anything we wanted—15 cents for a bottle of ginger ale, and 10 cents for four boxes of matches.

"What hurt us most was, although liquor was denied us, the officers got all they wanted, and several times some of them got so drunk that they acted like Red Indians, yelling and shouting around the deck, keeping everyone awake till 12 and 1 o'clock at night.

"We fully expected this would all end when we got to England; but no, we have just been informed that we are to go to Salisbury Plain, and that the camp is to be strictly teetotal. You may hear through the newspapers that the men are pleased that this is so, but when I tell you that less than one-third of the whole contingent are teetotalers, you will see that this is all tommy rot.

"Now, Mr. Editor, I don't want you to think that I am complaining for nothing. I wish you or someone connected with your paper would come to Salisbury to see me and the rest of the boys and hear their opinions; then you would quickly find out that we have a real grievance."

COMPLAINTS AS TO FOOD.

"I should like, through the columns of your valuable paper, to draw attention to the treatment as regards food accorded this regiment (Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry) on board the R.M.S. *Royal George*. We sailed from Gaspe Bay, Quebec, on the 3rd inst. On that date fish was served for breakfast, and to say that it was *high* is treating the matter lightly. At supper on the same date a stew was served which stunk so much that the stewards thought it a shame to place it on the table. On Sunday, the 4th, at breakfast sausages were served, and they fairly hummed. The men at the first sitting complained so bitterly that they were taken into the dining saloon a second time and supplied with a boiled egg and bacon. On this date, no butter or sugar was placed on the table. From the 4th, no milk was ever put on the table, although porridge was served daily. Things improved slightly until the morning of the 8th, when we again had ancient sausage, old enough to sing songs, placed on the table for breakfast. On this date, *rabbit* was served at dinner, and the smell of it drove many to the deck in a hurry. This was admitted by the officials to be off. At tea that night the stew was also unfit for human food. The climax, however, came on the morning of the 9th, when so-called salt fish was served which was so putrid that the whole of the men made a protest. The orderly officer on this date, when his attention was drawn to the condition of the fish, replied that we could eat bread and butter, but when his attention was drawn to the rancid butter on the table he complained to the chief steward."

Again we ask, who shall hang?

A PAWKY PAWNBROKER.

LIVERPOOL "UNCLE" AND PAY CORPS PRIVATE.

A private of the Army Pay Corps, serving at Woolwich, appeals for our assistance, being, as he says, "so very busy with no leave and every Sunday duty" that he has no leisure to attend to the matter himself. Some time ago our friend pledged his watch and one or two trinkets to Mr. Alfred E. Healing, a Liverpool pawnbroker, in return for a loan of eight shillings, but early last month he was again "in funds" and anxious to recover his goods. A journey from Woolwich to Liverpool was, of course, out of the question, and he accordingly remitted by registered letter the amount he believed to be due for loan and interest, requesting the pawnbroker to send him the pledges by post. There seems to have been some dispute as to the exact sum payable, and the pawnbroker ultimately presented an account including a rather unusual item of 6d. for the "trouble" involved in the transaction. Feeling a little hurt at this claim, the soldier ventured to question its legality, though rather than prolong a trumpery dispute he forwarded cash for the full amount. At this point Mr. Healing adopted what he no doubt regarded as a very clever course. He returned the whole of the money, with the following letter:—

> Enclosed please find ticket and 11s., your cash forwarded. Kindly tender ticket at counter, which is the legal way.

Upon legal grounds the soldier had ventured to question the pawnbroker's charges, and we may therefore assume that this disobliging note was "writ sarcastic." To suggest that a soldier serving with his regiment at Woolwich should "tender ticket at counter" in Liverpool is perhaps Mr. Healing's idea of a joke. As far as the mere letter of the law is concerned, he doubtless has the best of things. There was no legal obligation upon him to forward the pledges by post.

But there is a little more to be said, and with Mr. Healing's indulgence we will say it. It has nothing to do with the legal aspect of the case, and may therefore be irksome to his forensic intelligence, but to our Liverpool readers it may not perhaps be without interest. We hold, then, that a man who at the present juncture attempts to extract money from a soldier in respect of trifling services is a mean-souled curmudgeon. This, of course, was the origin of the trouble, and his subsequent action in returning the money and retaining the goods was a childish display of temper. Unfortunately, it has been aggravated by a subsequent letter in which, after time for reflection, he persists in his stubborn refusal to part with the goods except in "the legal way." In these circumstances we assure Mr. Healing that he enjoys our cordial contempt. We recognise, of course, that he has no legal claim upon our space, but we shall make him no charge for "trouble."

"TIOH!"

A WORD WITH MARRIED TOMMIES.

We have received so many letters from married soldiers in regard to the separation allowance to which their wives are entitled, that we take this opportunity of replying generally to them. The typical soldier has usually three children. His pay is 1s. 1d. a day. Out of this, sixpence a day is stopped for his wife and one penny for each child. By a little arithmetical calculation, it will be ascertained that 2s. 4d. a week remains. From this there is a further stoppage of 1½d. for National Health Insurance—although the soldier receives no benefit whatever unless he happens to have had the "luck" to leave his wife in a position to anticipate "Lloyd George's Bounty." Thus we find the married Tommy, with three children, in receipt of 2s. 2½d. a week, after all expenses have been paid. It is not a large amount, but it is all his own. He may spend it as he pleases, even in drink and riotous living. Should his health, however, break down, and he be cast into hospital, he must pay 7d. a day for the luxury. In the case which we have taken, the account will stand in a very unsatisfactory position—the man being in debt to the extent of 1s. 10½d. a week. If the information we have given is not satisfactory to our correspondents, we are sorry. But the truth must be told—at any rate in JOHN BULL

"Bullets" Great Xmas Offer! Turkeys to be won *this week*. See page 28.

THE BRITISH CLOTHING CLUB.

A CASE OF CUNNING AND CUPIDITY.

A glaring instance of the unscrupulous methods pursued by the British Clothing Club, of 74, Oldham Street, Manchester, has just been brought to our notice. We have all the papers relating to the case in our possession, so that our information is not based upon unsubstantiated complaints, but upon irrefutable documentary evidence.

On February 5th last, the wife of our informant wrote to the Clothing Club, ordering a 20s. parcel of goods. She was asked to find two sureties, which she did, in the person of her husband and a friend, who signed a document guaranteeing payment should she fail in her instalments. On February 12th a postal order for 2s. was remitted to the Clothing Club; on the 16th a further 6s.; and on April 3rd the debt was extinguished by the payment of 12s., the payment card being returned endorsed: "Settled, April 3rd, 1914. With thanks. W. R."

The surprise of our informant may be imagined when, on July 24th, his wife received a printed notice from the Clothing Club saying:—

> We regret to have to inform you that as you have not remitted regular monthly payments, as per your signed promise, for goods supplied, we shall have no alternative but to sue you in the County Court, together with the two guarantors who have jointly signed. The easy terms and small amount does not warrant us making repeated applications, and therefore unless you remit the full amount overdue at once, the Company's Solicitors will commence proceedings without further notice.

The amazed recipient of the foregoing wrote immediately pointing out that the account was settled in April last. Instead of an apology being forthcoming, the two guarantors received, on Aug. 13th, this printed effusion:—

> We regret to have to inform you that ... is not keeping up the regular monthly payments for goods supplied, and for which you have signed to be responsible for payment. Therefore, as we have written the customer without any effect, we must ask you to kindly remit the balance of account, or see that it is remitted by return of post, otherwise we shall have no alternative but to ask our Solicitors to sue you in the Manchester County Court for the debt and costs. We shall be glad to hear whether you have any defence to this action.

Our informant wisely took no notice of the above precious document, which was followed on October 4th by a blue form inscribed: "FINAL NOTICE before proceeding in the Manchester County Court," and read as follows:—

> *Re* ....
>
> Having made several applications for payment of overdue account, FINAL NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that unless a settlement is made within 7 days from above date, an action will be commenced in the Manchester County Court for recovery of the debt and costs.
>
> THE BRITISH CLOTHING CLUB.

We can find no excuse for this persistent persecution of a former customer. If it was due to a mistake arising from defective book-keeping, why was it not rectified immediately on receipt of their customer's letter pointing out that the account had been settled as far back as April?

HATS OFF!

'TWIXT THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP SEA.

Several soldiers, who have been on escort duty lately, ask us to settle a matter in conflict between the civil and military authorities. When in a Magistrate's Court they are invariably ordered to take off their headgear. A Corporal of the Northamptonshire only a few days ago, when ordered to take off his hat by Mr. Heddewick at the North London Police Court, told the Magistrate that King's Regulations require him to keep covered; whereupon the Corporal was told that until such time as he could produce the regulations he must uncover. Here is what they actually say upon the matter:—

> In a civil court an officer or soldier will remove his headdress, while the Judge or Magistrate is present, except when the officer or soldier is on duty under arms with a party or escort inside the Court.

Military readers may interpret the paragraph as they wish. For our part we should always remove our hat if requested to do so by a Magistrate. Some of them have a first-class memory for faces—and one never knows!

PETTIFOGGING PHILANTHROPY.

CONSERVE YOUR CASH FOR CERTIFIED CHARITIES.

Now that so many appeals are being made to the generosity and charitable instincts of the public, it behoves them to take care that their donations reach only the most trustworthy hands. Many charities deserve the utmost possible support, being run on straightforward lines, open and above board, and issuing periodical balance-sheets defying the most suspicious investigation. On the other hand, there are innumerable petty so-called charities whose operations are more or less "wropped in mistry," but which, by means of unctuously-worded and ultra-pious circulars, extract donations from the tender-hearted. Amongst the latter we must number the London, Suburban and Provinces (*sic*) Philanthropical Association, which, if its works could be measured by its grandiloquent title, would be entitled to a foremost place amongst the greatest charitable institutions. As a matter of fact, the main business of this pettifogging little charity is the collection of funds. Formerly, it called itself the London and Suburban Philanthropical Association, with headquarters at 115, Borough High Street, S.E., when a Mr. S. Smallwood was "Hon. Secretary," and a Mr. M. Spiers the "Treasurer." Since the word "Provinces" was added to its title, the "Association" appears to have lost the services of Mr. Smallwood, whose duties have been taken over by Mr. Spiers; a Mr. E. Groves has become "Treasurer," and a Mr. Arthur Planner "Auditor." Also, its headquarters have been removed from 115 to 223, Borough High Street.

The Association is now busily circularising the public with a "Special Appeal for the Poor and Destitute during the National Calamity," and claims that it is "Patronised by Royalty, the Nobility, Clergymen, Banks and City Merchants." Nevertheless, we advise our readers to hold their charitable hands, until Mr. Spiers has been good enough to provide us, and through us the public, with duly audited balance-sheets for the past few years.

A PIG IN A POKE.

THE MYSTERY OF A "LINE INDICATOR."

Doubtless there are some people whose speculative instincts are strong enough to induce them to comply with one of the alternative requests contained in a letter recently received by a South African firm from the Typists' Supply Co., 14, Cockspur Street West, Liverpool, but we think they are not numbered among our readers, who, we believe, have by now learned caution. Say the Company:

> We take this opportunity of writing you (along with several others to the same effect) concerning a small article which we have Registered in this Country, and which we call a "LINE INDICATOR," for use by Typists and others when transcribing their Shorthand Notes on the Typewriter, or for Copying documents in Longhand, etc., to minimise errors. . . . We cannot, for obvious reasons, at this writing give you full information about the article, as past experience has shown to us that when we have given all particulars *in the first instance*, in good faith, and even after our prospective clients have expressed their approval of the article, they have gone off their promise. In any case, however, you may be assured on this point, viz., that, seeing the British Patent Office has accepted the device, this is an evidence of its novelty. The amount we are asking for communicating the invention to you to enable you to effect Registration in Natal is comparatively small . . . Our proposition is that, if you are satisfied with our statements in regard to the device, you should remit at once £5 by Post Office Money Order, payable to us in Liverpool, and a further £5 immediately on receipt of the article, which amounts would be in full settlement: no money to be refunded. The acceptance of any one firm's payment to be at our discretion, the payments of all the other firms to be refunded in full, as, obviously, we could only accept payment *from one firm*.

The alternative proposition is that the recipient should forward £2 at once, the rights in the article being shared by other persons who send like amounts. We cannot say we are impressed with the scheme propounded—it savours too much of a game of blind hookey. The Company, however, certainly seem to have faith in the scriptural injunction, "Ask, and ye shall receive."

The Zeppelin Peril! Free Insurance for our Readers. See page 6.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES BY "THE BOW-WOW."

The German Fox beholds the grapes
Hung high beyond his power,
Then turns, his homeward road to trapse,
Snarling "They look too sour!"

...public indignation stirred,
McKenna moves at last,
Rounds up the dangerous German herd
And makes the beggars fast.

...congratulations are exchanged
'Tween Winston and the Japs,
Whose ships Pacific seas have ranged
And won in sundry "scraps."

It makes us wonder where we are
Despite the judge's wig,
To see a pleader at the Bar
In military rig!

It seems our lads are heroes all,
Between them—not a toss!
The luckier those on whom we call
To wear Victoria's Cross.

That the Allies are bound to win
We need no other sign,
Since callow youth and age are in
The German fighting line.

CROWN CADGERS.

HOW TO CAPTURE THE ENEMIES' TRADE.

"Good-morning," said the silk-hatted gentleman, as he entered Mr. Smith's drapery establishment. "I represent the 'All-British Trades Association, of 231, Strand.'" Mr. Smith merely gave a glance at the visitor and proceeded to make up a parcel of calico. "We are out to do you a bit o' good," continued the canvasser, producing a prospectus and handing it to Mr. Smith. The draper became interested. The canvasser, warming to his work, explained that his association meant to boycott all German and Austrian goods, and that Smith could become a member upon payment of an annual subscription of 5s. "Why should I pay you 5s. a year—because you are going to boycott German and Austrian goods?" the draper asked, not understanding. "No, no!" said the canvasser. "We are an association who are enrolling manufacturers and tradesmen who will pledge themselves to boycott German and Austrian goods." Smith simply answered, "Yes," and stared in blank amazement at the "All-British" representative. "I quite understand," he said slowly; "are you in the drapery trade?" The canvasser, becoming exasperated, bellowed "No! We're an association enrolling members and the subscription is 5s. a year." "Damn you, get out of my shop!" said the wrathful man of cloth. "I understand what you want now. I had five of your kidney in here yesterday. It's my dollar you want."

THE VETERAN'S REPLY.

[*There has been a splendid response to the call for old non-commissioned officers. Men of 60, 70, and even 80 years of age have been among the applicants.*]

Here I am with the Colours again,
Sorry that ever I went!
Glad am I to be marching back
To the dear old regiment;
In the same old square the lads step out,
Lively on parade,
By the side of the file, in the same old style,
Are the Boys of the Old Brigade.

I'm not as young as I used to be,
For the years go backward never,
But my limbs are sound for a tidy stretch,
And my heart is as good as ever!
They asked for the men who knew the drill,
To teach recruits their trade,
The call was clear, and they answered "Here!"
Did the Boys of the Old Brigade.

So here I am at my graft again,
On my old legs striding out,
From "Revalley," when the bugle sounds,
To the last call of "Lights Out."
Oh, there can't be very many years
In front of us, I'm afraid,
But, at Britain's call, she can have us all,
Say the Boys of the Old Brigade!

RICHARD MORTON.

Another Mammoth Cash Football Prize this week. See page 27.

CLERICAL INSULTS TO BRITISH SOLDIERS.

ARE WOMEN SAFE WHEN TOMMY ATKINS IS ABOUT?

In a recent issue we addressed a very candid epistle to the Rev. J. Rooker, Vicar of Sevenoaks, on the deplorable and scandalous resolution of the local Church of England Men's Society, calling upon the District Council to take means to secure that, except on Saturday nights, "the female inhabitants do not frequent the streets after 8.30, at which time the curfew bell could be rung" from the churches, "during the present military occupation of the town." We have since heard that the Rector was not present at the meeting—(it was not suggested that he was; only that he was an active leader in the Society)—and therefore was not in any way responsible for the decision. We are glad to hear it. And except that it is somewhat qualified by proposals of his own which to our mind are equally insulting and equally unjustified, we welcome his suggestion in a Sevenoaks newspaper "that those people who are really interested in the welfare of our town should exercise a little more restraint in the proposals they make." The rev. gentleman admits that, as a whole, the soldiers behave excellently, but says that parents of young girls should "see that their daughters are not allowed to wander about at nights, and so be led into trouble, or lead others into trouble, through their thoughtlessness, and often through ignorance."

Slandering Our Soldiers.

Now, we object not so much to the form in which this clerical warning is couched, as to what is implied by it. Evidence before us, unfortunately, shows that neither the form nor the implication is peculiar to Sevenoaks, its Rector, or its C.E.M.S. Besides the dimmer lights, no less a personage than the Bishop of Gloucester, backed up by the Hon. Canon and Rural Dean and the Nonconformist conscience of the Free Church Council, has addressed a circular "to the women of Gloucester and the neighbourhood" with not less outrageous affront. They are told that "the one way they can assist their country now, especially at this time when our city is so full of soldiers, is by being very careful that your young girls, or girls under your care, are not out and about the streets in the evenings. . . . You and your children must do all you can for our soldiers, and be kind and courteous to all, but not allow any familiarity or put temptation in their way." What do the fathers and mothers of Gloucester, Sevenoaks, and other places—thousands of whom have sons given to the bloody hazards of the war—think of this moral stain and stigma put upon Lord Kitchener's Army? "Women of Britain! The British soldier is in your towns training for his hero's task; therefore, lock yourselves in after sunset. The streets are not safe for you while he is about. He has no higher ideal, no better self-respect and self-control, no greater care for his honour and the reputation of the Flag under which he has volunteered his priceless sacrifice for his country, than the savage barbarians who have terrorised and devastated Belgium—the Germhuns of Attila. Lock your doors, we tell you, mothers. Guard your daughters if you do not wish their molestation, their violation, and their ruin!" That is the ecclesiastical warning; that is the foul clerical ignominy; that is the despicable brand the religious leaders are stamping on the brows of British soldiers as they rally to the bugles of the King.

Unnecessary Precautions.

It is a damnable thing to do. We believe that the minds of these young men going forth to war are at least as clean, and that their hearts beat as high, as those of the professional clerics who revile them. Average for average, they respect and honour the daughters of British mothers—aye, the daughters of any mothers anywhere in the world—as scrupulously as the Bishops. What applies to young girls not being in the public streets after a certain hour applies not as a special precaution against the armies of men who have rallied to the Flag, but as a propriety of life appropriate at all times. We believe there is not a fear that they will sully the uniform they wear so proudly by the molestation of women, who will resent, and have a right to resent, the discredit sought to be flung wholesale at British soldiers by clerical calumniators.

MURIEL'S MISLEADING METHODS.

ANDERSON'S ARTFULLY ADVERTISED ARTICLES.

We really think Mrs. Muriel Anderson, of 29, Tipthorpe Road, Lavender Hill, London, S.W., should be a little more businesslike, not to say honest. Her advertisements appear in popular daily newspapers in the following terms:—

> Ladies' and Children's beautiful Clothing, scarcely worn; bargain catalogue free.

The words "scarcely worn" suggest, as they are no doubt intended to suggest, that the "bargains" for sale are second-hand. But numerous complaints received by us show that in many cases they are not. Let one example suffice. A lady reader wrote for the free "Bargain Catalogue." Lot No. 198—"Several ladies' and gents' good umbrellas, 2s. 6d. each," tempted her to remit the amount named, which she did in anticipation of receiving a good second-hand article which had cost appreciably more when new. Instead, arrived a cheap and nasty new gamp, the like of which could be bought at any third-rate umbrella shop for eighteen-pence, and probably in the streets for less. She returned it with indignation and a suitable letter, requesting the refund of her money. A long and painful silence ensuing, she wrote again, and this time drew the following eloquent reply, written on a postcard, from Mrs. Muriel Anderson:—

> When people write a civil letter they always get a reply. That is why your last letter was ignored—and also please enclose a stamp for reply next time. I have no umbrellas left now at all (*sic*) have been sold. You had better make a fresh selection and enclose four stamps for packing and postage. I never return cash.

The above contemptuous screed does not make it quite clear as to whether the umbrellas, or the client, "had been sold." But in view of Muriel's declaration that she "never returns cash," we are inclined to put the less favourable interpretation upon it.

A WHISKERED WHEEZE.

KEEP YOUR HAIR ON AND YOUR PURSE SHUT.

People who want either to grow or to lose the hair which at present adorns their faces, seem to be singled out for the operations of a small but energetic band of sharks. Beardless youths who aspire to the manly appearance which whiskers are supposed to bestow, have long suffered by the depredations of Dixon, of 42, Junction Road, Holloway, who—besides running the old watch and chain swindle under the *alias* of the Imperial Supply Co.—carries on the business of Dixon and Co., which is to advertise sevenpenny boxes of "Musta, the True Moustache Grower," and then when he gets the money telling his dupes that it is necessary for a complete treatment to send a further 1s. 11d. If no notice is taken of this request, he coolly sends along a further consignment, ultimately resorting to threats of proceedings in the hope of extorting payment. Although we do not know of an instance in which Dixon has ever gone into Court—he probably has a well-founded apprehension of County Court Judges—no doubt many of his victims part through fear that otherwise their folly will become publicly known. About this time last year, the activities of Dixon and Co. ceased, the "Parisian Co.," of 55, Silver Arcade, Leicester springing into life and carrying on the same trick. This autumn we make the acquaintance of W. Gray and Co., of 349, City Road., E.C. Gray's speciality, however, is not a face fungus fertiliser, but a moustache murderer, which they call "Depilatoire," their appeal being confined to members of the fair sex who possess "superfluous hair." Their *modus operandi*—at any rate, in its initial stages, beyond which we have no knowledge—is, however, just the same as that of Dixon and the "Parisian" people—starting with the advertisement that the specific will be sent "complete" for sevenpence, and followed by the printed letter asserting that a "full size" will be necessary, for which "the small balance of 2s. 11d." is requested.

By the way, a concern calling itself the Ejecthair Co., of 682, Holloway Road, N., is also offering a depilatory for the familiar sum of sevenpence. We shall be glad to hear from anybody who has had transactions with them.

Let "Bullets" provide your Xmas Dinner. See page 28.

WARSCHAUER AND THE WAR.

GOVERNMENT "PRIVILEGE" FOR ALIEN TRADERS.

Herbert Warschauer, the London manager of, and, presumably partner in, the German firm of Siegmund Cohn and Warschauer, in a circular letter addressed to his clients from 8 and 9, Great Castle Street, Regent Street, London, W., dated August 25th, says:—

> I beg to inform you that the Government has expressly granted me the privilege of trading in my own name, instead of as Siegmund Cohn and Warschauer as heretofore.

We should like to know in what form the express privilege was granted—in what circumstances, by whom, and whether he is excepted from the mandate, subsequently issued, that Germans who had changed their names after the outbreak of hostilities should revert to their original cognomens. He proceeds to say:—

> In view of the natural prejudice that a German name excites in many minds during these unfortunate times, and bearing in mind the invariable kindliness with which I have been received during the many years I have lived in this country, I have decided to become a British Subject at the earliest possible moment, likewise to adopt my first name "Herbert" as my surname.

We think there must be something wrong about our naturalisation laws when a German can say with such confidence "I have *decided* to become a British Subject." British citizenship should not be a thing to be bought at the will of an alien purchaser, but an honourable privilege obtainable only with difficulty and after satisfactory tests of good faith. Herr Warschauer concludes by saying:—

> I hope very shortly to be able to announce these contemplated changes as accomplished facts, and at the same time to inform you of the names of my future English partners.

Are we to understand by this that it is Herr Warschauer's intention to sever his connection with the firm of Siegmund Cohn and Warschauer, and that the goods in which he trades will no longer be obtained from Germany? We pause for a reply.

LES MISERABLES.

TAVERNER'S SCANDALOUS TRAFFIC IN REFUGEES.

The tricky Taverner—whom we have already criticised in regard to his exploitation of poor Belgian refugees in this country as an advertisement for his crazy "Middle-Age Pension" scheme—seems to spread his mental blight over his associates. Congleton, the Cheshire town which is the headquarters of his notorious swindles, happened to be one of the first places to offer hospitality to the Belgian victims of the Huns. Their plight was an opportunity which Taverner eagerly seized upon—with the result that the poor fugitives were made the vehicles for the glorification of the pious pension promiser. The officials of the town, who in an unostentatious manner had done their share in relieving the necessities of various parties of the unfortunate Belgians, were disinclined to take more of the refugees than they saw their way to provide for in comfort. Not so the Taverner clique. One of his associates in the so-called "Trust," a Mrs. Mary Richmond, of Greenhithe (a centre of Tavernerites) having asked Lord Lytton, the Chairman of the War Refugee Committee, in Aldwych, for another batch of *les misérables*, his Lordship—possibly having seen our former article—wisely took the course of wiring the Mayor of Congleton, asking whether the lady was known to him. Back came the reply that she was not—so promptly that it preceded a visit in person from Mrs. Richmond, the natural result was that the Committee definitely declined to hand over any of their *protégées* to her without the authority of his Worship. Mrs. Richmond was not to be baulked in this way of her prey, for she coolly went to the Hostel at which the poor people were lodged, told the Lady Allocator that she had come with the authority of the Mayor to take a party to Congleton—and departed with them in unrighteous triumph. It might have gone ill with the unfortunate victims of this trick had not the local authorities generously pocketing their natural feelings of indignation and resentment—done what they could for them. No language can be too strong to characterise such tactics.

THE BOGUS BISHOP'S BUNKUM.

NOTORIOUS CHARITY-MONGER'S BLASPHEMOUS APPEAL.

As might have been expected, the distress occasioned by the war has encouraged the notorious old humbug, "Bishop" Andrew McLaglen, D.D., to issue one of his blasphemous appeals for funds to enable him to keep his bogus Free Soup Kitchen and Day Nursery going, and, incidentally, to "make a bit" for himself. In the course of his printed appeal, now being circulated amongst the charitable-minded, he says: "My work among women and children has lasted thirty years." His so-called "Day Nursery" consists of a single room fitted with a few cots, where mothers may place their babies on payment of one penny per head.

To-day he is exploiting the war. "*I must pay rent, rates and taxes, etc., for the Institution,*" he says. "I have done my best myself. I will tell you precisely what I mean by my best. A presentation of a gold watch was made to me by navvies, who from time to time had been put on the road to success by the Institution. I have pawned that." (We should like to see the ticket.) "I have nothing else to pawn because years ago I sold every other personal possession of my own, and gave the proceeds. I do not want the watch back, but I do want God to bless my stewardship, and to assure me that His poor shall not be unfed."

McLaglen signs himself as "Secretary." We should like to know the name of his Treasurer, and to see last year's balance sheet, duly audited. Until the same are forthcoming, and pass our scrutiny, we advise the charitably disposed to turn a deaf ear to the blandishments of the Bogus Bishop, and to distribute their tithes amongst honest charities which have nothing shady to conceal.

A "REEDY" CALL TO THE COLONIES.

"PRIVATE" FUND WANTED FOR PUBLIC PURPOSES.

Carson Read, now of 6, Francis Road, Leyton, London, runs the Carson Read Rejuvenator, an electric belt for which there is said to be a profitable sale in the Colonies. Judging by a circular letter addressed by him to a Cape Townian, which has been transmitted to us, he appears to have struck on quite another sphere of activity, putting all his old-time wheedling skill into an appeal for subscriptions to a "private" fund, ostensibly for the benefit of the wounded. The following are some extracts from his pathetic plea:—

> As it has been my privilege to be consulted by you confidentially, in the matter of your health, I feel that I may be permitted to address this letter to you. . . .
>
> Here, in the Mother Country, we are face to face with a situation which has never before been known in our history, I refer to the great War. . . . Our women are making clothing, not only for invalids, but shirts and socks for the men who are on service, and we need a constant supply of materials—flannel and cotton goods, to keep our willing workers—who receive no pay—fully employed.
>
> To help provide these materials I have started the Carson Read Fund; it is quite a private one, and only appeals to my own circle of correspondents, and I therefore ask you if you will send me a subscription to help to purchase flannel and cotton materials to keep the willing hands of our women at work and bring a bit of comfort to the men who are fighting to keep our Empire together. We all give our services, no one is being paid one penny, and all subscriptions are spent in material only. . . .
>
> A flannel shirt of good quality for a soldier costs us 4s. 9d.

Now we have one or two questions to ask. What are we to understand by the Fund being "quite a private one"? Who are "our women" whose "willing hands" it is desired to keep at work, but who are not to be paid one penny? Who is the Secretary to the Fund, and, what is even more important, who is the Treasurer? Is it intended to publish a list of subscribers, and a balance sheet, duly audited, to show how the money received has been expended? Until satisfactory replies to these eminently reasonable questions are forthcoming, we advise our Colonial readers to withhold their subscriptions or to hand them to some organisation inspiring more confidence than a "private fund" promoted by the proprietor of the Carson Read Rejuvenator.

The Bomb Peril! Sign our Free Insurance Coupon this week. Page ii. of cover.

AT THE END OF THE STORM.

By Geo. R. Sims.

[The following splendid article, by the popular "Dagonet," is the fourth of our weekly series, each by a well-known author.]

Before our eyes there is being written line by line a chapter of world history that hundreds of years hence the students of history will be poring over and the writers of history will be writing about according to their patriotic or political prejudices.

We are looking on at or taking part in a war the like of which has never been on God's created earth. It is a war of the four elements, Earth, Air, Fire and Water; a war in which the death bolt is hurled from the depths of the ocean and from the clouds above. It is a war with Christian hosts from whom all the old standards of Christianity have disappeared.

It is a war in which solemn treaties have become mere "scraps of paper," and in which the mailed fist of Might has dealt the foulest of foul blows again and again on innocent and defenceless Right.

We are looking on at a war which when it is ended will have made war impossible for many a long year to come, for it is a war of exhaustion, a war of relentless grappling with each other for victory, so merciless and so crushing that the fallen foe will be maimed and mangled beyond the power of ever striking a blow again.

There is no stopping this fight. No referee will be able to step into the ring and cry "Enough!" in order to save the beaten and helpless combatant from further punishment.

This is a fight to a finish, a fight that must go on until one of the combatants lies in the blood-bespattered ring and there is nothing to be done for him but to carry his limp, inert body out of it.

There are no terms of peace possible for us save the terms that can be dictated by us and our victorious Allies. That we shall be able to stand among the victors when the terms of peace are dictated, we hope and believe.

We may have to endure a long drawn out agony of suspense, but there is no man worthy of the name of Briton who does not believe that having drawn the sword in the sacred cause of honour it is in honour that we shall sheathe that sword.

Of the material gains, of the spoils that will be to the victor, we may form a fairly accurate idea. We know what we shall demand and how much of what we want we shall probably get.

But we shall do something more than share in the spoils. We have poured out our blood and our treasures in a noble cause, in the cause of Right against Might. We have defended the oppressed against the oppressor, the weak against the strong, a free people against the brutal invader. It is the justice of our cause that entitles us to have unflinching faith in our destiny.

It is part of our Christian faith that the ways of the Almighty are inscrutable. In the symbolism of our hymns of praise we picture the great Ruler of the Universe as the unseen Providence that directs the whirlwind and rides upon the storm. And so in absolute truth and faith we may believe that though the whirlwind is sweeping us with it and though the storm has broken over us, we shall see the bright sun in the heavens again. The whirlwind and the storm have not been sent for our destruction but for our salvation.

I have lived in the land of my fathers long enough to have seen vast changes in the character of the English people. I am old enough to remember the England of Dickens and Thackeray, the genial humour of the masses, the kindly cynicism of the classes; the tender if occasionally tearful femininity of the young womanhood of Dickens, the gentle chivalry of the young manhood of Thackeray. And the kindly humorist and the kindly cynic painted each of them a faithful picture of the life around him, each as he saw it, in the environment he had chosen.

It was an age of chivalrous romance abroad and of the domestic ideal at home. It was an age of high commercial morality and of class distinction that was softened by a respect on one side and sympathy on the other. The old nobility were still the old nobility. The vulgar parvenu shook his money-bags in vain at the closed doors of Society. The middle classes were content to be good citizens, and the masses were not organised for the preaching of class hatred.

Then came the transition period. The old barriers were gradually broken down. The wealthy adventurer found in his wealth a passport to that odd mixture of good birth and good luck which called itself "The Smart Set." And then there came into prominence the type of young woman concerning whom the late Mrs. Lynn Lynton was so bitterly sarcastic—"The Girl of the Period."

The sons of men who had made fortunes by honest industrial enterprise began to have souls about the factory and the counting-house. Business hours were shortened. Men got to the office at ten and left at four. The middle class aped the manners and customs of Society. Home life underwent a radical change. The fashionable restaurant rose and flourished. People who spent money wanted to be seen spending it.

The suburbs aped the customs of the West, and in fifty pounds a year houses the family sat down to dinner in evening dress with the blinds up, and the daughter of the house passed her cigarette case across the table to her mother.

From social life, from business life, from domestic life, and even from political life, the old English ideals had passed away. The English people had deteriorated. We were rapidly becoming a race of degenerates, and in our degeneracy we were allowing men of an alien race to become dominant in Society, in trade, in commerce, and even in the political direction of our national and Imperial affairs.

There was a spirit of buffoonery abroad, which, harmless enough at periods of national rejoicings and national festivity, can only make for ill when it characterised the ordinary attitude of the people.

A feverish desire to "get rich quick" had attacked one class and a feverish desire to get money without earning it had attacked another.

It was in the days of our degeneracy that the English people, the founders of the greatest Empire the world has ever seen, found themselves suddenly hurled into the storm and fury of a European conflict, on the result of which not only their Empire, but their very existence as a free people depends.

But the enemy of England who had counted upon her degeneracy had counted without his host. The falling away from the old standard had been more apparent than real. The heart of the race has remained as sound and as staunch as in the glorious days of old.

When the great day of Peace shall come, it will find us a regenerated race, healthier in mind, healthier in body, and healthier, please God, in estate. The discipline to which our young men will have been subjected will be of the greatest value to them all their lives, and through their lives they will be able to look back with pride at the great national and Imperial effort in which they aided, and the great national and Imperial deed which by their efforts was accomplished.

MONEY NEVER COMMANDED BETTER VALUE

SOMERVILLE'S

Scotch Whisky

The finest that Scotland can produce.

As supplied to the House of Lords, House of Commons, the Treasury and other Government Offices.

Direct from Scotland at Wholesale Prices.

These Whiskies are the very finest that Scotland produces. Whisky to be good must be old. Why accept vague or indefinite statements as to age? Packing Free. Special Terms for large orders. The Guaranteed Age is given with every bottle.

GUARANTEED AGES.	Carriage paid to your railway station. 12 BOTTLES.	6 BOTTLES.	POST FREE. 3 BOTTLES.
21 Years Old	66/-	33/6	17/-
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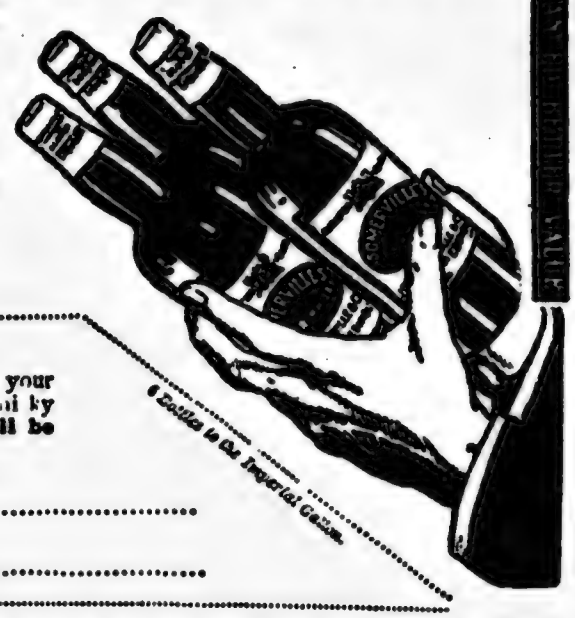
Fill up this Order Form and post to us with your remittance TO-DAY or cut it out and preserve it for future use.

YOU RUN NO RISK—
OUR GUARANTEE KEEPS YOU SAFE.

Established 1826.



To Messrs. John Somerville & Co., Ltd., Craigmillar, Edinburgh.

I enclose remittance value.....for which please send me..... of your Specially selected Fully Guaranteed ..... Years old Scotch Whisky on condition that if it is not the finest I have ever tasted at the price I shall be entitled to have my money refunded.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

"J.B." 31/10/14

SOMERVILLE'S "ABBOT" RUM PUNCH 38/- PER DOZ. (Carriage Paid)
SOMERVILLE'S PURE WEST INDIAN LIME JUICE CORDIAL 12/- PER DOZ. (Carriage Paid)

Faddist? Not at all.

Perhaps you are wise enough to think a good deal about the food you eat. Certain kind friends, perhaps, have hurled the epithet "faddist" at your head. Don't be discouraged. Of course you realise that however careful you are, many foods create certain harmful germs which you cannot avoid.

These germs undoubtedly cause ailments from time to time, and probably shorten your life by a few years.

Have you ever eaten St. Ivel Lactic Cheese? It is unique among foods, and the special cultures which it contains actually make war on the harmful germs in your system, and eliminate them effectively. The result? A much healthier system and the prospect of a longer life. St. Ivel Lactic Cheese is delicious, with a delicate, creamy consistency, and flavour of mild, perfect cheddar.

The war has not affected the price, which is 6½d. a packet, and there are plentiful supplies. Stocked by Grocers and Dairymen.

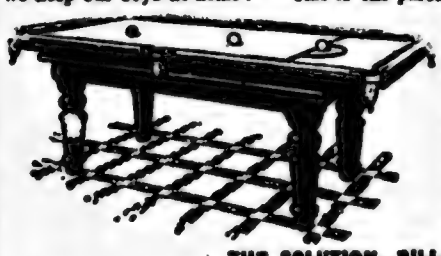
Ask for descriptive booklet.

LANCASHIRE FIRM'S AMAZING OFFER.

Thousands of Splendid Billiard Tables despatched for FREE TRIAL.

Many years of healthy amusement obtained by means of first payment of 8/6.

MANY thousands of parents have found the solution to the question, "How can we keep our boys at home?" This is the parents' great aim—to keep the lads within the beneficial influence of home life, and the best, and only way, is by providing



HEALTHY RECREATION AT HOME

as a counter attraction to the many outside amusements. Our youths demand recreation, with "life" and movement, and in many cases home cannot offer sufficient of this kind of amusement to interest the growing youngsters.

THE SOLUTION—BILLIARDS.

Admittedly there are few finer indoor games than Billiards. Billiards has interest for both players and spectators. It calls for the exercise of skill, patience and self-control; it excites real live enthusiasm, and its fascination grows more intense with practice and the acquirement of efficiency.

ANYONE—EITHER SEX—MAY LEARN

to play billiards reasonably well with a little continuous practice. Age is no bar, sex is no bar. Nor need anyone think that Billiards at Home is impossible for them because they have no very large rooms. You do not need a full-size table to enjoy a game of Billiards.

MINIATURE TABLE—8/6 DOWN.

Riley's of Accrington, for the trifling sum of 8s. 6d. down and 12 monthly payments of 8s. 6d., will send carriage paid to any railway station (at their own risk), a Miniature Billiard Table, to rest on a Dining Table, measuring 6 ft. 4 ins. by 3 ft. 4 ins., and priced at £5 5s. This is a very popular size and will fit any ordinary sized room, yet it is so perfectly proportioned that any player can enjoy a game upon it.

But supposing for some reason you are not satisfied with it after seven days' trial, all you have to do is to pack it up, advise Riley's, and they will have it removed

FREE OF ALL COST TO YOU.

Of course no one ever does send back their Riley Table. It always becomes a fixture right away.

Do not delay. Send a P.O. for 8s. 6d. for the first payment and your table (6 ft. 4 ins. by 3 ft. 4 ins.) will be despatched, with all accessories, within seven days. There is no carriage for you to pay, no trouble, no bother, and the second payment not due for another month.

In addition to their Miniature Tables, Riley's have another table, the

"COMBINE" BILLIARD AND DINING TABLE,

—really a magnificent piece of furniture, which may be converted into a large-sized Billiard Table by its very simple automatic raising and lowering action. This size also can be secured on easy payments spread over 13 months or 18 months.

Send to-day to E. J. RILEY, LTD, Premier Works, Accrington.

LONDON SHOWROOMS: 147 A, DERSGATE ST., E.C

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS.

[This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties, and, occasionally, Nonentities.]

To the Right Hon. H. H. Asquith, M.P., Prime Minister.

Dear Mr. Asquith,—I hope you will soon be in a position to announce a generous scheme of compensation for the dependents of soldiers and sailors killed in action and for men wholly or partially disabled by wounds. As you know, I have always held that provision on the lines of the Workmen's Compensation Act would best meet the situation, and I beg that you will allow no consideration of cost to deter you from generous action. I believe that in proposing liberal grants you will be carrying into effect the desire of the main body of taxpayers. It is surely not too much to ask that each of us should give his little to aid the families of men who, at the call of duty, have cheerfully given their all. John Bull.

To Vice-Admiral Sir David Beatty, K.C.B., H.M.S. "Lion."

Dear Sir David,—Your stirring account of the fight in the Bight of Heligoland has excited the admiration of every Briton, and there is not a man of us who does not hold his head the higher for your proud achievement. Your unvarnished tale of brave deeds, courageously attempted and gloriously accomplished, adds yet another glowing chapter to the imperishable annals of the British Navy. In expressing a hope that soon you may again be at close grips with the foe, I shall be rightly interpreting the wishes of the gallant officers and men in your command. To them and to you, Sir, I tender my respectful thanks and congratulations. John Bull.

To the Right Hon. Colonel John Seely, D.S.O., M.P., British Expeditionary Force.

Dear "Jack,"—Not for the first time I have to congratulate you upon a hair-breadth escape from destruction. Last time it was when, at the Army Manœuvres, a stray bullet went out of its way to avoid you, and now I learn that a German shrapnel shell, having actually struck your motor-car, exploded with much violence, but with complete respect for your safety. It is as though the soulless engines of your trade were apprised of your sterling merit, and reluctant to destroy a life of so much value. To urge you, as I did before, to "take care of yourself" would now be a counsel of cowardice. I am happy in the thought that, come what may, you are nobly answering the call of duty and keeping untarnished the honour of your name.

John Bull.

To Wedgwood Benn, Esq., M.P., Junior Lord of the Treasury.

Dear "Little Ben,"—Following the example of our mutual friend "F. E.," you have volunteered for active service at the Front, and I hasten to tender you my good wishes. I shall look forward to greeting you both on your return, with honours thick upon you, and I shall then have something to say to each of you which would be inopportune just now. Your patriotic example will be of high value, and I trust you may find opportunities of distinction in the stern enterprise of war. In any case, you will take some hitting, won't you? John Bull.

To George Edwardes, Esq., Theatrical Manager, London.

Dear "Governor,"—I am indeed happy to learn that, through the good offices of Sir Edward Grey, you are at length home, after a most trying experience in Germany as a prisoner of war. From your many friends in London, and the public generally, you will receive a most hearty welcome. I trust that your health has not been permanently impaired by the hardships you have undergone, and that you will soon find yourself again in working trim. You will not find us downhearted. "'Gaiety' as usual" will not be a bad motto for the next few trying months. By the way, what a lot of races your gee-gees have been winning during your absence! But don't win the Cambridgeshire, *please*.

John Bull.

To J. Ramsay Macdonald, Esq., M.P.

Honoured Sir,—At your recent meeting in Leicester, you stated that you regarded any attack upon you in the columns of this journal as a compliment, and that were I to praise you you would "go and hide your head in shame." Wherefore, honoured Sir, I propose to praise you. You are a great man—I believe you have shot a tiger; that was during one of your visits to India, whither you had journeyed to instil the imperial spirit into the minds of the natives. You have been both Secretary and Chairman of the great Labour group in Parliament; and its present proud position—of power and independence and of political initiative—is due mainly to the splendid example which you set it. Where, indeed, would England be, in this world-crisis, if it had not the help and guidance of the statesmen you once so ably led? And to reflect that each of them gives us of his best for a paltry pittance of £400 a year! How they are swaying and inspiring the masses to-day! What is the voice of a Blatchford, or a Bottomley, compared with their patriotic Clarion call? And it is all your doing—yours! And think of the splendid pay and comforts which, as leader of the Labour group, you secured for the men who fight for you and me in time of war! Alas, that we have lost you; but as you also said at Leicester, the great men of the world are rarely discovered till they are dead. So please go and die—or, at any rate, in accordance with promise, hide your head. John Bull.

To the Rev. W. K. Price, Christian Endeavour Union, Bromley.

Rev. Sir,—In the course of a sermon, or an address—whichever you call it—a few evenings ago, you talked to your congregation through your hat. "Thousands of pounds," you told them, "were being spent on cigarettes and tobacco for the troops, but why not blankets, socks, food, and ammunition? By the help of God, they wanted this cigarette business stopped." I suppose that in a week or two I shall hear of your requesting the help of God to stop their Christmas pudding. Some of you super-pietists make your solemnities too ridiculous for anything; they are as the crackling of thorns under a pot. Don't you know, haven't you heard, that every comfort the minds of a grateful and admiring people can think of is being sent to our brave troops? And are you really in earnest, or merely canting and humbugging, when you profess to believe that a few whiffs of tobacco are so harmful to our troops that the supplies should be stopped by prayer to the Lord? Do please get things right and wrong, good and bad, in their proper perspective, and cease to twaddle—if you can. John Bull.

To Miss Buck, The Vicarage, Leamington.

My Dear Young Lady,—As your sojourn in Kaiserland has evidently resulted in serious disturbance of your mental and moral perceptions, I am sure your father, the Vicar, will be more than delighted that you have arrived home in time to correct them without permanent hurt. What dreadful fairy tales the fraus and fraulcins must have told you in the drawing-room. What shocking fibs you must have been reading in the Vaterland newspapers for you, an English girl, to arrive home convinced that the Germhuns are "fighting for the right"! Father will put your mind at ease about all that, I know, even though you *have* seen the Germhuns in their churches thanking God for their victories, and heard of the unspeakable atrocities of the Belgians and British during the war. May I recommend to you a little blue book entitled "Great Britain and the Crisis," price one penny, and published "under the authority of his Majesty's Stationery Office"? Perhaps father will get it for you. John Bull.

To the Commander, Kaisership "Emden."

Von Captain,—Between you and me and Berlin Bill, I have a sneaking admiration for your exploits. You play the game like a sailor and a gentleman; but as you are playing it a bit too hot, this is hereby to inform you that if you don't keep quiet we shall have to gather you in or send you to the bottom. Hitherto, we haven't had any time in hand to attend to you; I understand you have now a chance of getting all the attention you deserve. Hoping you are able to swim, John Bull.

You will be delighted with the "John Bull" Pen. Get one *now*. Coupon on page ii of cover.

COME OUT AND GO UNDER!

(According to mythology, Cerberus, a three-headed watch-dog, guards the gate of Hell.)

THE BRITISH CERBERUS—Admirals Jellicoe, Beatty and Callaghan *(to the German rats in hiding)*: "When I get hold of you, I'll give you HELL!"

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—."

WE APPEAL FOR IMMEDIATE HELP FOR THE WIVES AND CHILDREN, AND OTHER DEPENDENTS OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

It gives us pleasure to say that—thanks to the generous response of our readers to our appeal—we have been able to send immediate relief to many soldiers' wives who had been suffering acute distress. Space prevents our giving details of all these cases, but we select the following as typical.

The wife of a Scotch soldier, who has one child, after the absence of her husband at the front for five weeks, was compelled—owing to not having received a farthing from the authorities—to sell her few sticks of furniture and take up her abode in a common lodging-house. Here she was found by a visitor, who removed her and her daughter to small private rooms. We sent the poor woman £2, and are glad to say that she is now getting the official allowance.

The father of five children joined the Army Service Corps in August. Shortly afterwards he caught a violent cold internally, and was invalided out of the service. He was penniless, and he and his little family were being turned out of their home at the end of the week, when we gave them £1 to help them along until he can get light work; he is now well on the road to convalescence.

The "unofficial wife" of a Royal Engineer, who has been away five weeks, has received nothing from him—she is, of course, disentitled to the Government allowance. Her application to the Soldiers and Sailors Families' Association for help was refused. We gave her £2 she has two children, aged 2 years and 11 years respectively—and told her to appeal to the Association again—with, we are pleased to say, a more favourable result.

Another "unofficial wife," with a boy aged a year, is expecting a fresh arrival shortly. The husband was a meat porter, but in August joined his regiment from the Reserve. Since then she has received only 5s. from a Hoxton institution, and has been compelled to sell up the home. We have sent her £2, and hope that she will obtain further assistance from the S. & S. F. A.—to whom we have told her to apply.

A woman with five children—the eldest earning 6s. a week, the youngest 17 months old—will, probably, soon have a sixth. She has received no money yet from the War Office, although her husband enlisted on September 1st, but has had 8s. weekly from the S. & S. F. A. The £2 we have given her will, we hope, keep her going until she gets the Government allowance to which she is entitled.

The wife of a man who enlisted four weeks ago has received £3 1s. 2d. from the War Office. The whole of this amount, however, she has had to pay away in settling debts. The Families' Association have been allowing her 8s. a week, but she is now told that this will stop. As she is expecting to have another mouth to feed in a fortnight, we have given her £1.

A woman who entered into an unconventional union with a recruit has received only a 2s. ticket for grocery, the local clergyman refusing to give her help. We forwarded her £1, which we hope will be of some assistance until she obtains a regular allowance.

The wife of a man who enlisted sent her marriage certificate and her three children's birth certificates to Woolwich some weeks ago, but has not had them returned, nor has she received anything from the authorities. She applied to the Prince of Wales' Fund, and they are allowing her 5s. a week for food. When she asked them to help with clothing and boots, she was told they could do no more—so we sent her £2 to lay in a modest stock of these for the winter.

The father of two children enlisted on September 1st, but the mother has not yet received any pay. Her letters to the War Office are not answered. She had to borrow the penny for the stamp on one to her husband telling him of her position, and has also actually been driven to beg for her children's food. For immediate necessities we have sent her £2, and are endeavouring to expedite the movements of the people responsible for this scandalous state of things.

A young wife, with one child, has received no money yet in respect of her husband's service with the Colours, and unless the regular allowance is quickly forthcoming, will have to sell her home. To add to her troubles, the little boy is ill. We immediately forwarded her £2, which we hope will enable her to hold out.

A widow with two daughters—one at school and the other earning 5s. per week—was mainly dependent for her support on her son, who has joined the Army. She has received only 2s. 6d. from him since, and 3s. 6d. from the S. & S. F. A. She is suffering from acute chronic rheumatism. We have sent her £2 from our Fund, and given her advice as to obtaining a portion of the son's pay.

Another widow was mainly dependent on a married son, who used to allow her 5s. a week. He has now enlisted—with the result that his official allowance goes to his wife. We have sent this poor mother £2 also.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

We have much pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of the following:—

J. E. E. (Swansea), 1s.; J. B. S. (Cardiff), 2s.; A. W. S., 1s.; J. C. H., 5s.; C. B., £5; "Pseudo," 3s.; Mrs. R. and "Trixie," 2s. 6d.; "Inchkeith," £1; T. Y. Q. A. (Devon), 1s.; Mrs. K. P., 2s.; L. D., 5s.; A. W. H., 5s.; "The Surrey Girls," 1s. 10d.; "Thoughts of Them," 3s.; A. McC., 2s.; S. N. E. (Willesden), 5s.; S. R. G., £1; "Thorn," 6d.; Mrs. B. and Miss D. C., parcel; Mrs. T. C., parcel; E. W., parcel and 2s. 6d.; "Goo.," 2s.; C. M., 3s.; M. S., 2s.; K. P., 6d.; A. J. P. (Olton), 2s.; "Ignorant," 2s. 6d.; C. T., 2s. 6d.; T. D. P., 6d.; A. W. M., 6d.; E. R., 10s. 6d.; "Sympathisers," (New Inn), 2s. 6d.; "A Londoner," 5s.; C. L., 2s.; "Diner," 2s. 6d.; Mrs. P. (Leicester), 1s.; "Lamorna," 2s.; Master and Crew of s.s. *Kingswear*, £2 5s. 6d.; Mrs. McC., 2s. 6d.; "Musselburgh," 1s.; "W. Red.," 2s. 6d.; H. V. G., 8s.; A. C., 3s.; Miss M. C., 6d.; H. S., 1s. 6d.; "Policeman and His Mate," 3s.; "Horseshoe," 5s.; L. B. (Herts), £2 2s.; R. R. B., 2s. 6d.; C. E., 1s.; J. A. T., 1s.; G. H. K., 2s.; R. M. W. (Jr.), 5s.; "Kirkby," 3s.; G. G. (Edinburgh), 20s.; A. E. W., 5s. Mrs. S, 1s.; W. K., 2s. 6d.; C. B. T., 21s.; "Cad," 50s.; "Sundry Orders," 3s.; A. S., 5s.; R., 5s. E. M. (Gravesend), 3s. 6d.; "Stuart Brown," 2s. 6d.; "Little Johnnie," 8s.; "Montague Road," 10s.; H. R. D. (New Cross), 1s. *What have YOU sent?*

COLLECTING BOXES.

By the kindness of many of our readers, we are enabled to add to our fund by means of collecting boxes, which they are good enough to place on their premises.

London.—Mr. H. Ampleford, "Adam and Eve," Kensington, 1s. 4d.; Messrs. Cohen and Co., High Street, Kensington, 1s. 2½d.; Mr. C. E. Marshall, "The Sultan's Head," Rossington Street, Upper Clapton, 3s. 11d.; Mr. E. Morgan, "The Blackstock," Morgan's Corner, Finsbury Park, 1s. 4½d.; Messrs. Harris and Co., Marble Arch, 1s. 1d.; Mr A. C. Trout, 8, Highgate Hill, 1s. 5d.; Mr. H. Gearing, 59, Hargrave Road, Upper Holloway, 1s.; Mr. H. Pullen, "Churchhill Arms," 119, Church Street, Kensington, 1s.; Mr. F. T. Bailey, 15, Lismore Circus, Haverstock Hill, 1s.; Mr R. Barney, 195, Kentish Town Road, 5s.; Mdme. Dempsey, 25, Mornington Crescent, 2s.; Messrs. Collison and Osgood, "Mason's Arms," Harrow Road, 1s.; Mr. G. Sanders, "The Crown," 54, Curtain Road, 1s. 6d.; Mr R. S. Topliff, "The Crown," Crown Court, Fleet Street, 1s. 6d.; Mr. H. Selinger, 51, Milton Street, 1s.; Mr. W. E. G. Bell, "Castle," 37, City Road, 2s. 6½d.; Mr. H. Saunders, "Bricklayer's Arms," Charlotte Street, 1s.; Messrs. S. Smith and Son, "Clayton Arms," Kennington Oval, 1s.; Mr. R. G. Ryan, "Duke of Cambridge," Palace Street, 3s. 10d.; Princes Theatre Staff, Shaftesbury Avenue, 1s

Bombs from the Sky! Don't worry! Free Insurance for our Readers. See page 6.

When you buy Bovril

you can be sure you are getting the product of a genuine all-British, and always British Company

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BRITISH

and consequently there has been no need to make any change in the constitution or directorate of the Company SINCE THE OUTBREAK OF THE WAR.

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The Right Hon. Lord Playfair, G.C.B., LL.B.
John Lawson Johnston.
The Right Hon. The Earl of Bessborough, C.V.O., C.B.
Admiral of the Fleet Sir Edmund Commerell, V.C., G.C.B.
Frederick Gordon.
The Right Hon. Dr. Robert Farquharson, P.C.
George Lawson Johnston.
Andrew Walker.
William E. Lawson Johnston.
Douglas Walker.
The Right Hon. The Earl of Arran, K.P.
Sir James Crichton-Browne, M.D., F.R.S.
Prince Francis of Teck.
The Right Hon. The Earl of Erroll, K.T., C.B.

Insist on having BOVRIL

BRITISH TO THE BACKBONE.

S.H.B.

"BLUNDERING THROUGH."

AMAZING APATHY OF TREASURY OFFICIALS.

In a recent issue we quoted a letter circulated among the debtors in this country of Carl Kammerling, of Elberfeld, Germany, requesting them to remit to Mr. J. Tulloch or Mr. E. J. Waddon—we expressing doubt as to the legal position of the two British subjects referred to, and advising them in any event to dissociate themselves from this endeavour to obtain money for an alien enemy. We are glad to hear that before the publication of our paragraph Mr. Tulloch (who, as Kammerling's London representative, had on August 7th sent out the circular to his customers) on August 10th, when his attention was drawn to the proclamation issued on the 5th, ceased to collect or receive any account in respect of these German goods—and this notwithstanding that the proclamation, although directed against "trading with the enemy," did not forbid the getting in of such moneys.

The course adopted by the Government in regard to sums—which must have run into millions—owing to Germans at the outbreak of hostilities is almost incredible. The first proclamation, to which we have already referred, in its preamble recites that it is contrary to law for any person resident, carrying on business, or being in the British dominions to trade or have any commercial intercourse with the German Empire without his Majesty's permission. It proceeds to give specific warning against supplying or obtaining goods from Germany; permitting British ships to leave for or communicate with any port in the enemy's territory; entering into a new insurance contract with or for the benefit of a German, or paying an enemy any claim arising owing to the war; or entering into fresh business of any kind with a German. The only other important paragraph states that "any transactions" with a German "which are not treasonable and are not for the time being expressly prohibited"—in which category came, as will be seen, the collection of payment for German goods—"were permissible." Our traders—pressed by the enemy for money, hardly able to believe their own eyes when reading this document, and naturally anxious that their cash should not be used to purchase shot and shell for use against us—inundated Whitehall with requests for guidance. Thereupon, the Treasury on August 22nd actually issued an official minute, stating that where nothing remained to be done save to pay for goods already delivered, there was no objection to making the payment! We can quite understand that when this astounding announcement was made known the bells of Berlin were rung as for a great victory. It was not until September 9th that the authorities apparently woke up to the colossal error which had been committed—an error which has, or will, cost many a British soldier his life—on this date a further proclamation being issued, the first prohibition of which is naturally against paying "any sum of money to or for the benefit of an enemy."

In the whole history of officialdom it would be difficult to find a grosser case of muddle and mess. We are glad that Mr. Tulloch (than whom, we are assured, there is no more loyal subject of his Majesty, and who has not communicated with his late German principal since the declaration of war) promptly carried the first proclamation to its logical conclusion, and did not avail himself of the astounding apathy of the officials to facilitate the operations of our enemies. We shall, of course, "blunder through" with this war as with that in South Africa, but it is to be hoped that such blunders as this will not often be repeated.

CO-OP. CADS.

The Middlesbrough Co-operative Stores have in their employ in the abbatoir two Germans, and when the question was naturally raised at a recent meeting as to why these men should have preference over two Englishmen, a Mr. Edwardson and a Mr. Parkin replied that the German was a much better shopman—a conclusion with which the majority of the members agreed; so the Huns kept their job. This, we are sure, does not express the opinion of an enormous number of adherents to the Co-operative movement, some of whom, no doubt, have sons or husbands at the front. However, we hope that the exclusion of aliens from the East Coast has frustrated the intention of the unpatriotic section.

Oyez! Oyez! Oyez!

All Men are advised to use the

"ERASMIC" SHAVING STICK

if they wish to have an easy and luxurious shave.

10d. in Nickel Case

of all Chemists & Hairdressers.

ERASMIC WARRINGTON.

OUR LATEST.

The "Tipperary Badge."

(Registered Design.)

It's a long way to Tipperary,
It's a long way to go.
It's a long way to Tipperary,
To the sweetest girl I know.
Good-bye Piccadilly,
Farewell Leicester Square,
It's a long, long way to Tipperary,
But my heart's right there.

THE flags are beautifully enamelled in the correct colours, and the wording in Irish green.

The badges are sent out on cards bearing the chorus of the famous Tipperary song (by kind permission of Messrs. B. Feldman & Co., the owners of the copyright).

The price is the same as our other lines,

1/2 Post Free.

We are also supplying it in real silver (Government stamped) at 2/9 post free.

It is just the thing to send our gallant lads at the front.

Send postal orders (not stamps). Write your address plainly, and say if you want it as a badge or brooch, and for *all* badges, *write us.*

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INSIST ON HAVING A WILKINSON SWORD STEEL RAZOR AND YOUR SHAVING TROUBLES ARE OVER.

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SAFETY and the THIN BLADE SAFETY, 10/6 to 21/-

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YOU see men around you who are holding secure and responsible positions—who are getting high salaries. Have you ever thought why this is so? Why is it that these particular men hold such positions and not YOU?

The vast majority of these men have earned their positions. They made some definite earnest effort to acquire the ability that enables them to hold positions of responsibility and security.

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Drop a Postcard for a Free Copy TO-DAY.

The first duty of all young unmarried men who are physically fit at the present time is to serve their country by enlisting in Lord Kitchener's Army. If you are unable to enlist, let this be your motto—

IN TIME OF WAR
PREPARE FOR PEACE

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"JOHN BULL'S" VARIETY TURN.

"APOLOGIA PRO VITA MEA."

Declaimed by Lord Haldane.

If anyone on earth deserves
  Your kind regards, it's me!—
The right of every man who serves
  His country faithfully:
That I can claim, though rumour says
  Some things that I have done
Have helped our Empire rather less
  Than they have helped the Hun!

Judge for yourselves when I relate
  The things I have achieved—
That they would win me public hate
  I'd never have believed!
Some philosophic German rot
  I've uttered, I confess,
But I've remained a patriot
  At bottom, none the less.

When placed by Party influence
  In the War Office chair,
Schemes of reform, brilliant, immense,
  I did at once prepare;
I sacked from Woolwich Arsenal
  The smartest hands, in groups,
A lot of whom obeyed the call
  And went across to Krupp's!

It comforts me to know the men
  I sacked went o'er the seas,
And used their knowledge there and then
  For Britain's enemies!
Had they remained here unemployed
  It would have caused me pain
(Will Crooks was very much annoyed,
  But his protests were vain).

What else for Britain have I done?—
  Respect my modesty!—
Occasionally I would run
  Across to Germany,
A mutual friendship to cement
  And stifle false alarms,
And urge the Kaiser to relent
  In his mad race for arms.

I well remember my return
  From one pacific trip,
On my arrival home to learn
  Fear had you in its grip!
I hoped confusion might alight
  On your scaremongers' heads,
And then assured you that you might
  "Sleep soundly in your beds."

To show my love for Germany—
  Er—I meant *Britain* then!—
I next reduced our army by
  Many thousand men,
So that at last when came the day
  For war to be declared,
Unhappy Belgium had to pay—
  For we were unprepared.

When the great war draws to an end
  I shall be found at hand
Against aggression to defend
  The cultured Fatherland;
Humiliation I'll oppose,
  Reprisals I'll prevent,
So great is my regard for those
  'Mongst whom my youth was spent.

Meantime my sympathies I'll hide
  For the Teutonic race,
For fear of hurting Britain's pride,
  And getting in disgrace:
But, if the Kaiser *should* succeed
  Against his British foe,
I'll lend such aid as he may need—
  For Britain's sake, you know.

W. M.

ASK FOR

"JOHN BULL SAFETY MATCHES"

Made at

"ENGLAND'S GLORY"

Match Works, Gloucester.

OF ALL GROCERS, OILMEN, &c.

Hall's Wine

has never failed

"AFTER a long experience of Hall's Wine I still continue to prescribe it, and have never failed to obtain decided benefit in all cases." . . . So writes a Glasgow Doctor, and his experience is typical of the experience of thousands of other doctors.

In every form of weakness Hall's Wine works gratifying wonders. A short course of Hall's Wine banishes the ill effects of grief, anxiety, or overwork, and rapidly instils new strength, new energy, new hope. In convalescence its restorative power is nothing short of marvellous.

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To Officers & Men invalided home

To help recovery of our stricken defenders, the Proprietors of Hall's Wine have decided to send a full-sized bottle of Hall's Wine free to every soldier and every sailor invalided home. Send name, address, and rank to STEPHEN SMITH & CO., LTD., BOW, LONDON.

3s. 6d. *and* 2s., *of all Wine Merchants, &c.*

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A LETTER TO MR. SANDOW.

WHAT IT MEANS TO THE MAN OR WOMAN IN POOR HEALTH.

Dr. Robertson Wallace, M.B., C.M., Explains the Reason Why Mr. Sandow Effects Such Remarkable Cures for All Who Consult Him, Personally or by Letter.

Important Opportunity for Readers to investigate, without any expense, the famous Sandow Method of curing illness without medicine, with a view to learning whether it provides the remedy required in their own cases.

In the interests of the very considerable number of readers of this paper who are watching the recent remarkable advance in the practice of physical culture as a cure for a large number of illnesses, this account of the Sandow method has been prepared.

There is no doubt whatever that Mr. Sandow is gradually effecting a radical change in the old-fashioned ideas of remedial treatment of illness, not solely in the mind of the lay public, but also in that of the medical profession.

Mr. Sandow does not claim that he can cure everything. Far from it. He says that experience will in time very much widen the field of his science, for undoubtedly movement is the keynote of life and health.

For the present he states—and, it may be said at once, he possesses official confirmation of the highest order—that at his headquarters at 32, St. James' Street, London, and at the homes of the patients, he has during recent years had a total of many thousands of cases of Digestive Disorder, Nervous Breakdowns of varied types in both men and women, Uric Acid Complaints, Heart Troubles and Circulatory Disorders, Obesity, Lung and Chest Weakness, Kidney Disorders, and cases of general physical deficiency, and that his uniform success in dealing with these by natural means has amply proved that his method is the surest cure.

RAPID MEDICAL AND PUBLIC ADOPTION.

Mr. Sandow further says that he attributes the comparative rapidity with which his method has achieved official and medical recognition and approval (there are 600 or 700 doctors regularly sending patients) and also its popularity, to the care exercised in not accepting for treatment any cases except those in which past experience has shown that it would be beneficial.

The men or women who were veritable wrecks, whose digestive organs refused to perform their duties, whose nervous weakness beggared description, whose appetites were *nil*, whose nights were made miserable for lack of sleep, and who were reduced to perpetual depression and are to-day healthy and strong, hearty eaters, sound sleepers, and thorough enjoyers of life as the result of the adoption of Mr. Sandow's advice, may be numbered by thousands.

NO WEIGHT LIFTING OR UNDUE EXERTION.

There is still an idea abroad that Curative Physical Culture involves violent or protracted exercise. No greater fallacy could be. The treatment is so gentle and graduated that it may be taken by a child or a man or woman of eighty-five, building up the fabric of the body as a whole, and concurrently encouraging concentration of the mind and will power. On this latter point Mr. Sandow places great importance.

Those who desire a consultation—and there will be many—are invited to call upon or write to Mr. Sandow at 32, St. James' Street, London, S.W., and, it might be added, if the enquirer is accepted for a course of treatment the fees are upon a moderate fixed schedule, quite within the means of the modest purse.

Below will be found particulars of a series of booklets which have been prepared to show how Mr. Sandow applies his treatment to a number of specific illnesses. This is an excellent method of making his work known for the reader can learn without generalisations exactly how the method may be expected to be effective in the particular physical ill it is desired to remedy.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

A copy of any one of the below described fully-illustrated booklets, explaining the drugless cure of various illnesses, will be sent free to town, country or Colonial readers, without any charge or obligation to follow the advice it contains. Applicants of either sex should write stating particulars of the ailment suffered to Mr. Sandow, mentioning this announcement in "John Bull."

Vol. 1.—INDIGESTION AND DYSPEPSIA.
Vol. 2.—CONSTIPATION AND ITS CURE.
Vol. 3.—LIVER TROUBLES.
Vol. 4.—NERVOUS DISORDERS IN MEN.
Vol. 5.—NERVOUS DISORDERS IN WOMEN.
Vol. 6.—OBESITY IN MEN.
Vol. 7.—OBESITY IN WOMEN.
Vol. 8.—HEART AFFECTIONS.
Vol. 9.—LUNG AND CHEST COMPLAINTS.
Vol. 10.—RHEUMATISM AND GOUT.
Vol. 11.—ANÆMIA: ITS CAUSE AND CURE.
Vol. 12.—KIDNEY DISORDERS (Functional).
Vol. 13.—LACK OF VIGOUR.
Vol. 14.—PHYSICAL DEFORMITIES IN MEN.
Vol. 15.—PHYSICAL DEFORMITIES IN WOMEN.
Vol. 16.—FUNCTIONAL DEFECTS IN SPEECH.
Vol. 17.—CIRCULATORY DISORDERS.
Vol 18.—SKIN DISORDERS.
Vol. 19.—PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT FOR MEN.
Vol. 20.—EVERYDAY HEALTH.
Vol. 21.—BOYS' & GIRLS' HEALTH & AILMENTS.
Vol. 22.—FIGURE CULTURE FOR WOMEN.
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Vol. 24.—NEURASTHENIA.

If unable to call personally at the Sandow Institute sufferers are invited to select the volume bearing upon their principal weakness, and to write for a copy, using the form below, addressing Eugen Sandow, 32, St. James' Street, London, S.W., when they will receive same as nearly by return of post as possible.

TO MR. EUGEN SANDOW, 32, ST. JAMES' STREET, LONDON, S.W.
Please forward me a copy of your illustrated book from the Health Library dealing with

.....
(Here state illness).

NAME.....
(State Mr., Mrs., Miss or Title).

ADDRESS .....

.....

Age..... Occupation.....
Further particulars may be given in an accompanying letter

J.B., 31-10-14.

HEARD IN THE TRAIN.

THE ENEMY IN OUR MIDST.

[*Bishopsgate Station. Enter compartment already occupied by obvious* German *and other passengers, an* Artisan.]

German (*leaning forward*): Vell, Mr. Vilson, und 'ow are you? I haf nod seen you for a ver long time.

Artisan (*scowling*): Don't know yer.

German: Don'd know me! Dot is ver sely. You know me ver well, und I know *you*. You are Mr. Vilson, aindt idt?

Artisan (*raising his voice and flushing*): I tell yer I don't know yer! Ain't thet enuff?

German (*with energy*): Nein, idt is *nod* enuff! You vill nod know me pecos you owe me moneys, aindt idt? Yah! I see trough your leadle game! I vos nod porn yesterday, mein friendt!

Artisan (*a trifle uneasily*): I don't want nothink ter do wiv you, 'ooever you aw, so you might es well stow yer gab.

German (*excitedly*): Bud I haf zomedings to say to *you*, yah! You haf nod pay me vor der suit you haf got on! Idt is dree, four mundts now since you boughd idt. Vy vill you nod pay me, hein?

Artisan (*very red*): I tell yer I don't owe yer nuthink!

German (*thoroughly aroused*): Und I dell you you do! Did you nod buy dot suit off me?

Artisan (*doggedly*): P'r'aps I did.

German: Und haf you paid for idt? Nein!

Artisan: An' not likely too, neether.

German: Ha! You admeet idt! You haf der suit, budt you vill nod pay. Vy?

Artisan: Think I'm goin' ter break ther loro o' ther land? Not much. You won't catch me tradin' wiv the enemy.

German: Vot is dot? I am nod der enemy, I am a Priddish subject. Und you owe me dirty-fife sehilling. Aindt idt?

Artisan (*sarcastically*): British subject! *You're* a pretty fine British subject, you aw. Wotjer say ter me afore the wure broke art? Dincher say we shouldn't stand a dorg's chawnce if Germany wos ter fight us? Wos you a British subject then?

German: Dot is noddings to do mit idt. You owe me dirty-fife schilling, und eef you do nod bay me, I sall pud you in der court.

Artisan: I shell put chew in the 'orspital if you tork ter me like thet!

German (*snarling*): Dot ees ver clever, aindt idt? *You* vill loog ver clever ven you are pefore de zhoodge, und I dell 'im 'ow you haf got der suit vor noddings.

Artisan: You'll be in a concentrashun camp afore then, ole sport. You oughter be there nar be rights. I'm goin' rarnd ter the pleece stashun ter-night abart chew. I can't make art 'ow they missed chew w'en they rarnded the others up.

German (*alarmed*): But I am a Priddish subject, I dell you! I am a fateful und loyal subject of der Kai—der King, und——

Artisan: I'll make a note o' thet. 'Ow long 'ave you bin nachrerlized?

German (*smiling painfully*): Dwo mundts—bud I haf dought aboudt idt for years. Idt cost me fife bounds. You vill nod go to der bolice sdation? Eet is nod necessary. Ve vill say no more aboud der dirty-fife schilling if you like. Eet is noddings.

Artisan (*looking blank*): *Wot* thirty-five shillings?

German: Der dirty-fife schilling dot I dought you owe me.

Artisan: You thought I owed you thirty-five bob? You wos dreamin', wosn't chew?

German (*hastily*): Yah, I vos dreamin'. Idt vos vot you call a nighdmare, aindt idt?

Artisan: Well, don't let it 'appen again. I don't like bein' told in public by a German thet I owe 'im thirty-five shillings. W'en I see ther pleece ter-night——

German: Idt vos a misdake. You vos anudder man.

Artisan (*feeling in his pocket and producing a document*): Well, jest receipt this bloomin' bill, then, Mister Snyder, else you might make the same mistake again!

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and SAILORS
need Handkerchiefs!

Give them
EXCELDA
HANDKERCHIEFS.

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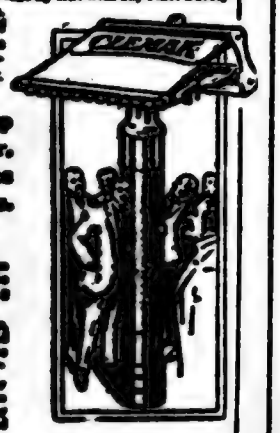
The Clemak Safety Razor—at 5s.—is Made as well and Shaves as well as any Guinea Safety Razor.

... Note how carefully it is made—the perfection of every detail—its beautiful finish. Look at the blade, feel its keen cutting edge. No other blade could shave your beard more easily than that.

... Now put the CLEMAK 5/- by side with any other Safety Razor offered at a Guinea. You will discover for yourself that it is in every way the equal of the other Razor—and costs you 15/- less to buy. Then why pay a guinea?



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The CLEMAK avoids all this.

Why not let your COMING HOLIDAY be free from shaving troubles?

... The latest system is to buy a Clemak and save yourself annoyance and waste of time.

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... The Clemak Safety Razor and the Clemak Stropper is a perfect Shaving Combination. They cost together 5s. 6d. and last a lifetime. Why pay a guinea?

OF ALL STORES, CUTLERS, &c.,

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EVERY soldier should have one of these snug vests. They're worn under the tunic and afford ample protection against "Tommy's" worst enemy—cold. In warm Scotch fleeces of serviceable shades of Browns, Heather—mixtures and Greys. Thoroughly well made; backs (of same cloth), are cut with an additional length to protect the vital parts of the body against chills. In all sizes, **10/6**

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WRITE FOR PATTERNS. A Post Card will bring you our unrivalled selection of Overcoating samples cut from the actual cloth lengths now being made up into double-breasted Coats at 35/-, and single-breasted Coats at 30/- All the most fashionable fabrics are included in seasonable designs & shades. In your own interest write to-day.

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A. H. WESTWOOD

39, YORK PLACE, EDINBURGH,

begs to inform his clients that he is retaining the services of the whole of his staff, and is conducting business as usual. All sportsmen are requested to write for a copy of the "Little Blue Book" containing his terms.

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OUR

SPECIAL PRIMUS WIRE

On Friday Next

From Newmarket,

Twenty Shillings Only!
Twenty Shillings Only!
Twenty Shillings Only!

ANOTHER "GEM" for NEWMARKET!

The usual price of the Editor's Primus Wire is TWENTY-FIVE POUNDS, but in order to relieve the anxieties of sportsmen whose balance is on the wrong side, the Editor will send his

SPECIAL PRIMUS WIRE

from

Newmarket on Friday

upon receipt of

TWENTY SHILLINGS!
TWENTY SHILLINGS!

The usual charge for the SPECIAL PRIMUS WIRE is TWENTY-FIVE POUNDS PER MESSAGE. In no circumstances whatever is more than one selection ever mentioned on this message, and the following is a list of recent wires:—

July 10.—	**DESOLATION**, 10 to 1 agst ...	WON
July 15.—	**SANDUSKY**, 7 to 1 agst ...	WON
July 18.—	**REDFERN**, 2 to 1 agst ...	WON
July 21.—	**ONEIDA II.**, 6 to 1 agst ...	WON
July 24.—	**LIGHT BRIGADE**, 7 to 2 agst ...	WON
Aug. 29.—	**HOUNAM**, evens	WON
Sept. 5.—	**WILLBROOK**, 5 to 4 agst ...	WON
Sept. 18.—	**LAMPLUGH**, 100 to 12 agst ...	WON
Sept. 30.—	**CLAIRVOYANTE**, 5 to 1 agst	WON, D.-H.
Oct. 3.—	**SCREAMER**, 10 to 1 agst ...	WON
Oct. 13.—	**JOVE**, 7 to 1 agst	WON
Oct. 22.—	**LUSCA**, 5 to 1 agst	WON

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for the SPECIAL PRIMUS WIRE on Friday next, and secure satisfaction and profit in your Turf investments.

THIS OFFER WILL NOT BE REPEATED.

Note that our ONLY address is:—

"Gale's Special,"

Ruskin Buildings, Birmingham

Telegraphic Address: "WINNERS, Birmingham."

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when forwarding cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

AUTHORS and ARTISTS *submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write name and address upon the back of their work. The Editor cannot accept any responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work* WHEN STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE IS ATTACHED TO THE MANUSCRIPT.

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or the Publisher, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL *and* SPORTING *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and, except in the case of the last named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for a shilling. All communications should be directed to* 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

GENERAL.

TO THE BOYS AT THE FRONT.—We have to acknowledge, with deep appreciation, many letters from boys at the Front. We wish it were possible to communicate with each of them individually, but we send them our heartfelt wishes for an early victory and a triumphal return to the old country. God bless them all!

E. W. S. (London).—*Of course*, our contemporary would not insert your letter suggesting that the Editor should be appointed Home Secretary, but, in any case, he could not at the moment take on the job.

F. S. (Southampton).—Whilst the country is in danger our lips are sealed in regard to many matters.

M. G. J. (Leeds).—Pending the completion of arrangements in connection with the absorption of the John Bull League into the Business Government League, all the work of the former body is suspended. Write us a little later on.

"SAILOR'S WIFE," "ALNWICK," "JUDY," and "ANTIPAS."—Many thanks for contributions towards the proposed Jumble Sale.

T. Y. Q. A. (Devon).—As we have already said, we are unable to answer queries regarding the nationality of individual firms. Your postal order for a shilling has been passed on to our "War Relief" Fund.

F. A. S. (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—As you are physically unfit for active service, you can best help your King and country by "carrying on as usual." Perform your daily task honestly and cheerfully, and you will be helping your country in her hour of need far more than by becoming an incumbrance at the Front.

T. E. B. (Sheffield).—If the Licensing Magistrates only do their duty—which, perhaps, is rather too much to expect—German licensees will be refused renewal, and the British Boniface will come into his own again.

B. R. (Weedon).—Glad the grub at Weedon Barracks is up to snuff. It will be the same everywhere when things shake down a bit.

G. W. E. (Liverpool).—You may write or suggest a marching song for the troops, but you cannot make them sing it. Their choice is spontaneous and mysterious, and refuses to be guided. We heard some singing "Here We Are Again" combined with "Auld Lang Syne" the other day, and it sounded fine.

W. N. B. (Wimbledon, S.W.).—We are sorry to say hundreds of firms have reduced the wages of their employees for no just reason whatever, except that they saw a chance to make something out of the war. The contributions which such people make to the National Relief Fund should be flung back in their faces.

W. C. (Croydon).—A German born, married to a German wife, and partner in the German firm until 1887. Sir Edgar Speyer, though naturalised, should not, in our opinion, be permitted to retain his control over the traction of the Metropolis, at any rate during the war. Small difference between his and the case of the German, hastily naturalised, who ruled the Nottingham Tramways, and who has now been suspended. If they possessed sentiments of common decency, such people would respect public feeling and voluntarily efface themselves for a time.

S. C. M. (London, S.E.).—Your ingeniously found parallel between Daniel's dream and the present European situation are very interesting. Whether, however, they are of any serious import must be left to individual judgment. Certainly Germany has proved to be a "Beast Dreadful and Terrible and strong exceedingly," but we fancy the Bull Dog will prove a match for it.

R. I. D. (London, W.).—We believe Prince Arthur of Connaught is at the Front. As regards the other royalties you mention, it is not now our custom to "endanger the succession" by permitting princes of the blood to take the field. All the same, we agree with you that it is a pity there is not a leading member of our Royal House on active service at the Front.

H. L. P. (London, E.C.) asks: "Why may the Teutonic race be compared to a mass of microbes?" and gives the answer: "Because the germination (German nation) of microbes is the result of culture." Also, we may add, because their mission appears to be to engender death and disease. But our "contemptible little army" will prove a good germicide.

F. R. (Islington, N.).—Don't fancy your copy of the warrant for the death of Charles I. is of any value. If it were the original warrant for the death of the Kaiser, its price would be above rubies.

A. A. (Chiswick, W.).—As one of the chief ingredients of gas mantles has long been imported from Germany, we must expect a rise in the price of the finished article until other sources of supply are flowing freely. As regards your statement that a firm with a German name immediately stuck up the price of their *old stock*—well, it gives us furiously to think.

"A LICENSED VICTUALLER" (Shepperton-on-Thames) writes: "There are hundreds of hotel and public-house licences held by aliens. Licensing day is coming round. What will the Magistrates do?" They will do those things which they ought not to do, and leave undone those things which they ought to do.

"CONSTANT READER" (Shirley).—"Come the *three* corners of the world in arms" is correct. We, the British, are the fourth.

B. D. (Winson Green).—Don't let the threats of the Jap Company, Birmingham, unduly worry you, if as a worker in the gold and silver trade your failure to pay your instalments more regularly arises from the war. That should be enough for any County Court judge before whom the Company might chance to summon you.

H. M. (Putney, S.W.).—No one who knows anything about our soldiers will trouble regarding the slanderous innuendoes against the Army recently uttered by Sir Edward Fry in the columns of the *Times*. It seems to be a characteristic of a certain type of Quaker to imagine our brave defenders capable of all sorts of wickedness.

G. L. (Seacombe) considers that our recent article, "Food Before Rent" reads "too much like playing to the *gallery*." If tendering timely advice to the most helpless section of the community, to save them from the rapacity of certain selfish and unpatriotic landlords, be "playing to the gallery," well, we hope to play to the gallery to the end of the piece.

O. W. H. (Barnes, S.W.).—A levy of 5 per cent. per month on all wages, for the relief of distress arising from the war, sounds easy. As a matter of fact, it is not the raising of funds that is difficult, but the just and generous distribution of them.

A. H. (Reigate).—Send your old copies of JOHN BULL to the nearest hospital for wounded soldiers.

J. E. (Edinburgh).—We originally published the soothsayer's prediction of disaster to the German Emperor as far back as December, 1912. We owe nothing to the *Edinburgh Evening Dispatch*.

W. F. R. (Crewe).—As British soldiers held prisoners in Germany may now be communicated with by their friends (the G.P.O. accepting both letters and parcels addressed, Private ———, name of Unit, British Prisoner of War, Prisoner of War Information Bureau, Berlin) we scarcely see why the said friends need accept the offer of Charles H. Bolton, of 14, Dale Street, Liverpool, to make translations of their letters into German, at two bob a time. It is true he says "It will be necessary to address them [your friends] in the German language and in such terms as will not be likely to give offence to the Imperial Officers." To Hell with the Imperial Officers! We prefer to believe what the G.P.O. tells us—in this case, at any rate.

J. K. C. (Penarth).—Possibly years hence, when the war is over, we shall win the Germans, as a race, to our ideas of democratic freedom, which we firmly believe are destined to animate the whole world in due time. But first of all the demon of militarism which possesses them must be exorcised.

W. T. S. (Retford).—If your wife is silly, nobody can help her being silly. Try tickling her under the chin and presenting her with a copy of *Mary Bull*.

Complete piece of Music given with this week's "Mary Bull." Take home a copy to-day.

F. W. (late of Coldharbour Lane, Camberwell), is urged to communicate with his father-in-law, 115, Lion Street, Walworth, as his little son is lying dangerously ill.

L. B. W. (Leeds).—We scarcely think your firm, J. Hepworth and Son, Ltd., Wholesale Manufacturing Clothiers, are in danger of being confused with the Hepworth Film Company, upon whose methods we recently animadverted. Surely, films and clothes are very different things, excepting, perhaps, ladies' garments, which are sometimes described as filmy, but which, we imagine, you do not make.

A. D.—Please send your full name and address, and we will forward prices of gold nibs for our fountain pens.

"A PAINTER" (Stoke Newington).—Your Borough Council had no business to refuse you relief work simply because you had had two glasses of beer "on a empty stomach," given you by a thoughtless friend. The jack-in-office who "sent you down" should have taken into consideration your wife and six children, and *their* empty stomachs.

MRS HUTCHINGS (Walworth) would be grateful for news of her husband, who left home on September 11th to join the Army. She has not heard of him since.

J. F. H. (Glasgow).—From this time forward we shall always use the word "British" when we mean British—so long as we don't forget. But you won't mind us speaking of the English tongue, will you? And don't forget that to our Allies we all—English, Irish, Welsh, Scots, and Mancunians—are "les Anglais."

W. P. & SON (Deal).—We admire the action of Mr. Darracott of your town in affording such practical assistance to the refugee Belgian family. We hope they derived substantial benefit.

MISS M. A. (Ayrshire).—Cannot print your supposed telegram from the Kaiser to Mr. Asquith. No party politics, *please*.

S. R. D. (Leyton).—By this time Smith and Son, the bakers you speak of, will no doubt have returned to their original name of Schmidtz, in accordance with the instructions of the Privy Council.

J. W. J. (Chiswick, W.).—You may take it that Denmark was left out of the map as a sign that she will be left out of the war. No slight was intended. We have a high regard for Denmark and the Danes.

M. P. (Hull).—As the law stands at the moment, a naturalised British subject cannot be deported; but by an order of the Privy Council all naturalisation papers for, say, the last ten years, could be cancelled, and the holders thereof would immediately relapse into the position of aliens, and, as such, be liable to deportation.

J. W. (London, E.)—We have very good reason to believe that in a great many cases both the Government and the workers are being robbed by contractors who are taking advantage of the crisis to squeeze both. We've got our eye on some of them. Such traitors (and they are nothing less) would receive short shrift at the hands of a real Business Government.

C. S. M. (East Ham).—It is amusing to note that the *Daily Chronicle* credited Will Crooks with a "rich, high tenor voice" and the *Daily Sketch* accused him of possessing "a sonorous bass voice." Increases one's confidence in Press reports, doesn't it?

MRS. A. W. (Guildford).—You *might* succeed in conveying a message to your daughters in Germany through the kind offices of the American Ambassador in London, as he *might* succeed in transmitting it to his colleague in Berlin, who, again, *might* succeed in finding your daughters. But be prepared for disappointment.

"BULL PUP" (Wells).—If you knew how often JOHN BULL is "sold out" by Thursday evening throughout the length and breadth of the land, you would not feel so much surprised at the incident occurring at Wells, Somerset.

J. B. (Paddock Wood).—Since writing, you have doubtless seen our criticism of the Helping-Hand Stores, Manchester, and been warned accordingly. Have returned your papers as requested.

"SAN BUANA VENTURA" (London, W.) asks whether we cannot use our "enormous influence to smash flapperdom," by which is meant "the tight split skirted painted wretch from 15 to 24 who infests this country." By all means. Where is she? Lead us to her!

A. T. (Gunnersbury).—Sorry we can't tell you "anything of the enclosed," because "the enclosed" seems to have been forgotten.

F. R. G. (Montreal).—We owe neither Canada nor the Canadians an apology. What we have been up against all along has been the lying emigration agent, who, to fill his own pockets, has filled your cities with unemployment. As to your loyalty, why, as the tale runs, "it speaks for itself."

MRS. E. W. (Cambridge) received this from a girl refusing her offer of a place: "situation inclined. Miss M——, Lordship Lane, E—." The Council schools have much to answer for.

A. F. M. (Hadleigh).—We have been compelled to destroy the sample of cheese, as supplied to the Salvation Army Colonists, which you sent us. We treated it with the utmost kindness, but could not soften its ferocity.

O. K. (Co. Durham).—The Church of England receives no "financial grant from the State."

"EVA GREY" (Gainsborough).—You have suffered many trials. Do not add to them by having dealings with the notorious Yankee shark, Elmer E. Knowles.

C. Y. M. (Liverpool).—Our reason for warning inquirers against paying guest and employment agencies that demand substantial fees in advance, is that the subscriber is always utterly at the mercy of the agency. They have his or her money, and if they should be dishonest fee-snatchers, as so many of them are, need make no effort to earn it. Payment by results is the honest system.

A. L. (U. Clapton).—If the solicitor is retaining the documents illegally, complain to the Law Society; but if he is keeping them until payment of costs, he is entitled to do so.

L. E. G. (Swansea).—We have warned our readers against the Lancashire Clothing Club scores of times. You may consider yourself lucky in having got *anything at all* in exchange for your guinea.

E. W. B. (Bethnal Green).—We should like to know on what grounds the Vicar refused to church the young woman when he learned that she had been married only six months when her child was born. The fact that either he or one of his curates performed the marriage ceremony seems to make an explanation the more necessary.

H. A. (Liverpool).—We are sorry your friend in India has got into the toils of the "Slippery Slade," of 144, Otley Road, Bradford. Drop a line to the Chief Constable. This gentleman is rather slow in moving, else he would have laid the scamp by the heels long ago. But a letter from you might give him just the necessary impetus.

"FLANAGAN" (Treherbert).—We note that members of the National Amalgamated Approved Society, while in receipt of medical benefit, must not go to any place of amusement. It is news to us that reasonable amusement retards recovery.

A. G. (Weybridge) paid Brice and Brice, Apartments Agents, of 59-61, New Oxford Street, W.C., 2s. 6d. as far back as September, 1913, to be entered on their books. Over twelve months have passed, and they have not introduced a single paying guest, nor answered her several letters of complaint. Lucky it wasn't a guinea

P. H. (Dublin).—Have you yet received from Bruce Wallace and Co., Coronation Chambers, 4, Lloyd's Avenue, London, E.C., the "Home Safe" for which you sent them 5s. on August 8th last? And, any other complaints?

B. W. (Belfast).—The Bargain Watch Company, 89, Cornwallis Road, London, N., are old offenders. She in whom you are interested will have to wait a long time for her "Handsome Lever Simulation 18ct. Gold Watch" and her "Handsome Chain," although she has sent 6s. for them. Let her comfort herself with the thought that when they arrive they won't prove worth the money. Both the firm and their goods are dud.

S. W. (Sprowston).—Post-office officials are supposed to surrender letters only to the persons to whom they are addressed, or to some *authorised* agent, such as the groom of a distant estate, who calls for the locked post-bag. Husbands are not entitled to receive at the post-office letters addressed to their wives, nor *vice versa*. But country post-offices are notoriously slack and constantly make hay of the regulations.

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1,500 Xmas Turkeys for our Readers. See page 28

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when forwarding cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

AUTHORS and ARTISTS *submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write name and address upon the back of their work. The Editor cannot accept any responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work* WHEN STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE IS ATTACHED TO THE MANUSCRIPT.

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or the Publisher, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL *and* SPORTING *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and, except in the case of the last named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for a shilling. All communications should be directed to* 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

GENERAL.

TO THE BOYS AT THE FRONT.—We have to acknowledge, with deep appreciation, many letters from boys at the Front. We wish it were possible to communicate with each of them individually, but we send them our heartfelt wishes for an early victory and a triumphal return to the old country. God bless them all!

E. W. S. (London).—*Of course*, our contemporary would not insert your letter suggesting that the Editor should be appointed Home Secretary, but, in any case, he could not at the moment take on the job.

F. S. (Southampton).—Whilst the country is in danger our lips are sealed in regard to many matters.

M. G. J. (Leeds).—Pending the completion of arrangements in connection with the absorption of the John Bull League into the Business Government League, all the work of the former body is suspended. Write us a little later on.

"SAILOR'S WIFE," "ALNWICK," "JUDY," and "ANTIPAS."—Many thanks for contributions towards the proposed Jumble Sale.

T. Y. Q. A. (Devon).—As we have already said, we are unable to answer queries regarding the nationality of individual firms. Your postal order for a shilling has been passed on to our "War Relief" Fund.

F. A. S. (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—As you are physically unfit for active service, you can best help your King and country by "carrying on as usual." Perform your daily task honestly and cheerfully, and you will be helping your country in her hour of need far more than by becoming an incumbrance at the Front.

T. E. B. (Sheffield).—If the Licensing Magistrates only do their duty—which, perhaps, is rather too much to expect—German licensees will be refused renewal, and the British Boniface will come into his own again.

B. R. (Weedon).—Glad the grub at Weedon Barracks is up to snuff. It will be the same everywhere when things shake down a bit.

G. W. E. (Liverpool).—You may write or suggest a marching song for the troops, but you cannot make them sing it. Their choice is spontaneous and mysterious, and refuses to be guided. We heard some singing "Here We Are Again" combined with "Auld Lang Syne" the other day, and it sounded fine.

W. N. B. (Wimbledon, S.W.).—We are sorry to say hundreds of firms have reduced the wages of their employees for no just reason whatever, except that they saw a chance to make something out of the war. The contributions which such people make to the National Relief Fund should be flung back in their faces.

W. C. (Croydon).—A German born, married to a German wife, and partner in the German firm until 1887. Sir Edgar Speyer, though naturalised, should not, in our opinion, be permitted to retain his control over the traction of the Metropolis, at any rate during the war. Small difference between his and the case of the German, hastily naturalised, who ruled the Nottingham Tramways, and who has now been suspended. If they possessed sentiments of common decency, such people would respect public feeling and voluntarily efface themselves for a time.

S. C. M. (London, S.E.).—Your ingeniously found parallel between Daniel's dream and the present European situation are very interesting. Whether, however, they are of any serious import must be left to individual judgment. Certainly Germany has proved to be a "Beast Dreadful and Terrible and strong exceedingly," but we fancy the Bull Dog will prove a match for it.

R. I. D. (London, W.).—We believe Prince Arthur of Connaught is at the Front. As regards the other royalties you mention, it is not now our custom to "endanger the succession" by permitting princes of the blood to take the field. All the same, we agree with you that it is a pity there is not a leading member of our Royal House on active service at the Front.

H. L. P. (London, E.C.) asks: "Why may the Teutonic race be compared to a mass of microbes?" and gives the answer: "Because the germination (German nation) of microbes is the result of 'culture.'" Also, we may add, because their mission appears to be to engender death and disease. But our "contemptible little army" will prove a good germicide.

F. R. (Islington, N.).—Don't fancy your copy of the warrant for the death of Charles I. is of any value. If it were the original warrant for the death of the Kaiser, its price would be above rubies.

A. A. (Chiswick, W.).—As one of the chief ingredients of gas mantles has long been imported from Germany, we must expect a rise in the price of the finished article until other sources of supply are flowing freely. As regards your statement that a firm with a German name immediately stuck up the price of their *old stock*—well, it gives us furiously to think.

"A LICENSED VICTUALLER" (Shepperton-on-Thames) writes: "There are hundreds of hotel and public-house licences held by aliens. Licensing day is coming round. What will the Magistrates do?" They will do those things which they ought not to do, and leave undone those things which they ought to do.

"CONSTANT READER" (Shirley).—"Come the *three* corners of the world in arms" is correct. We, the British, are the fourth.

B. D. (Winson Green).—Don't let the threats of the Jap Company, Birmingham, unduly worry you, if as a worker in the gold and silver trade your failure to pay your instalments more regularly arises from the war. That should be enough for any County Court judge before whom the Company might chance to summon you.

H. M. (Putney, S.W.).—No one who knows anything about our soldiers will trouble regarding the slanderous innuendoes against the Army recently uttered by Sir Edward Fry in the columns of the *Times*. It seems to be a characteristic of a certain type of Quaker to imagine our brave defenders capable of all sorts of wickedness.

G. L. (Seacombe) considers that our recent article, "Food Before Rent" reads "too much like playing to the *gallery*." If tendering timely advice to the most helpless section of the community, to save them from the rapacity of certain selfish and unpatriotic landlords, be "playing to the gallery," well, we hope to play to the gallery to the end of the piece.

O. W. H. (Barnes, S.W.).—A levy of 5 per cent. per month on all wages, for the relief of distress arising from the war, sounds easy. As a matter of fact, it is not the raising of funds that is difficult, but the just and generous distribution of them.

A. H. (Reigate).—Send your old copies of JOHN BULL to the nearest hospital for wounded soldiers.

J. E. (Edinburgh).—We originally published the soothsayer's prediction of disaster to the German Emperor as far back as December, 1912. We owe nothing to the *Edinburgh Evening Dispatch*.

W. F. R. (Crewe).—As British soldiers held prisoners in Germany may now be communicated with by their friends (the G.P.O. accepting both letters and parcels addressed, Private ———, name of Unit, British Prisoner of War, Prisoner of War Information Bureau, Berlin) we scarcely see why the said friends need accept the offer of Charles H. Bolton, of 14, Dale Street, Liverpool, to make translations of their letters into German, at two bob a time. It is true he says "It will be necessary to address them [your friends] in the German language and in such terms as will not be likely to give offence to the Imperial Officers." To Hell with the Imperial Officers! We prefer to believe what the G.P.O. tells us—in this case, at any rate.

J. K. C. (Penarth).—Possibly years hence, when the war is over, we shall win the Germans, as a race, to our ideas of democratic freedom, which we firmly believe are destined to animate the whole world in due time. But first of all the demon of militarism which possesses them must be exorcised.

W. T. S. (Retford).—If your wife is silly, nobody can help her being silly. Try tickling her under the chin and presenting her with a copy of *Mary Bull*.

Complete piece of Music given with this week's "Mary Bull." Take home a copy to-day.

F. W. (late of Coldharbour Lane, Camberwell), is urged to communicate with his father-in-law, 115, Lion Street, Walworth, as his little son is lying dangerously ill.

L. B. W. (Leeds).—We scarcely think your firm, J. Hepworth and Son, Ltd., Wholesale Manufacturing Clothiers, are in danger of being confused with the Hepworth Film Company, upon whose methods we recently animadverted. Surely, films and clothes are very different things, excepting, perhaps, ladies' garments, which are sometimes described as filmy, but which, we imagine, you do not make.

A. D.—Please send your full name and address, and we will forward prices of gold nibs for our fountain pens.

"A PAINTER" (Stoke Newington).—Your Borough Council had no business to refuse you relief work simply because you had had two glasses of beer "on a empty stomach," given you by a thoughtless friend. The jack-in-office who "sent you down" should have taken into consideration your wife and six children, and *their* empty stomachs.

MRS HUTCHINGS (Walworth) would be grateful for news of her husband, who left home on September 11th to join the Army. She has not heard of him since.

J. F. H. (Glasgow).—From this time forward we shall always use the word "British" when we mean British—so long as we don't forget. But you won't mind us speaking of the English tongue, will you? And don't forget that to our Allies we all—English, Irish, Welsh, Scots, and Mancunians—are "les Anglais.'

W. P. & SON (Deal).—We admire the action of Mr. Darracott of your town in affording such practical assistance to the refugee Belgian family. We hope they derived substantial benefit.

MISS M. A. (Ayrshire).—Cannot print your supposed telegram from the Kaiser to Mr. Asquith. No party politics, *please*.

S. R. D. (Leyton).—By this time Smith and Son, the bakers you speak of, will no doubt have returned to their original name of Schmidtz, in accordance with the instructions of the Privy Council.

J. W. J. (Chiswick, W.).—You may take it that Denmark was left out of the map as a sign that she will be left out of the war. No slight was intended. We have a high regard for Denmark and the Danes.

M. P. (Hull).—As the law stands at the moment, a naturalised British subject cannot be deported; but by an order of the Privy Council all naturalisation papers for, say, the last ten years, could be cancelled, and the holders thereof would immediately relapse into the position of aliens, and, as such, be liable to deportation.

J. W. (London, E.)—We have very good reason to believe that in a great many cases both the Government and the workers are being robbed by contractors who are taking advantage of the crisis to squeeze both. We've got our eye on some of them. Such traitors (and they are nothing less) would receive short shrift at the hands of a real Business Government.

C. S. M. (East Ham).—It is amusing to note that the *Daily Chronicle* credited Will Crooks with a "rich, high tenor voice" and the *Daily Sketch* accused him of possessing "a sonorous bass voice." Increases one's confidence in Press reports, doesn't it?

MRS. A. W. (Guildford).—You *might* succeed in conveying a message to your daughters in Germany through the kind offices of the American Ambassador in London, as he *might* succeed in transmitting it to his colleague in Berlin, who, again, *might* succeed in finding your daughters. But be prepared for disappointment.

"BULL PUP" (Wells).—If you knew how often JOHN BULL is "sold out" by Thursday evening throughout the length and breadth of the land, you would not feel so much surprised at the incident occurring at Wells, Somerset.

J. B. (Paddock Wood).—Since writing, you have doubtless seen our criticism of the Helping-Hand Stores, Manchester, and been warned accordingly. Have returned your papers as requested.

"SAN BUANA VENTURA" (London, W.) asks whether we cannot use our "enormous influence to smash flapperdom," by which is meant "the tight split skirted painted wretch from 15 to 24 who infests this country." By all means. Where is she? Lead us to her!

A. T. (Gunnersbury).—Sorry we can't tell you "anything of the enclosed," because "the enclosed" seems to have been forgotten.

F. R. G. (Montreal).—We owe neither Canada nor the Canadians an apology. What we have been up against all along has been the lying emigration agent, who, to fill his own pockets, has filled your cities with unemployment. As to your loyalty, why, as the tale runs, "it speaks for itself."

MRS. E. W. (Cambridge) received this from a girl refusing her offer of a place: "situation inclined. Miss M——, Lordship Lane, E—." The Council schools have much to answer for.

A. E. M. (Hadleigh).—We have been compelled to destroy the sample of cheese, as supplied to the Salvation Army Colonists, which you sent us. We tested it with the utmost kindness, but could not soften its ferocity.

O. K. (Co. Durham).—The Church of England receives no "financial grant from the State."

"EVA GREY" (Gainsborough).—You have suffered many trials. Do not add to them by having dealings with the notorious Yankee shark, Elmer E. Knowles.

C. Y. M. (Liverpool).—Our reason for warning inquirers against paying guest and employment agencies that demand substantial fees in advance, is that the subscriber is always utterly at the mercy of the agency. They have his or her money, and if they should be dishonest fee-snatchers, as so many of them are, need make no effort to earn it. Payment by results is the honest system.

A. L. (U. Clapton).—If the solicitor is retaining the documents illegally, complain to the Law Society; but if he is keeping them until payment of costs, he is entitled to do so.

L. E. G. (Swansea).—We have warned our readers against the Lancashire Clothing Club scores of times. You may consider yourself lucky in having got *anything at all* in exchange for your guinea.

E. W. B. (Bethnal Green).—We should like to know on what grounds the Vicar refused to church the young woman when he learned that she had been married only six months when her child was born. The fact that either he or one of his curates performed the marriage ceremony seems to make an explanation the more necessary.

H. A. (Liverpool).—We are sorry your friend in India has got into the toils of the "Slippery Slade," of 144, Otley Road, Bradford. Drop a line to the Chief Constable. This gentleman is rather slow in moving, else he would have laid the scamp by the heels long ago. But a letter from you might give him just the necessary impetus.

"FLANAGAN" (Treherbert).—We note that members of the National Amalgamated Approved Society, while in receipt of medical benefit, must not go to any place of amusement. It is news to us that reasonable amusement retards recovery.

A. G. (Weybridge) paid Brice and Brice, Apartments Agents, of 59-61, New Oxford Street, W.C., 2s. 6d. as far back as September, 1913, to be entered on their books. Over twelve months have passed, and they have not introduced a single paying guest, nor answered her several letters of complaint. Lucky it wasn't a guinea

P. H. (Dublin).—Have you yet received from Bruce Wallace and Co., Coronation Chambers, 4, Lloyd's Avenue, London, E.C., the "Home Safe" for which you sent them 5s. on August 8th last? And, any other complaints?

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LAYS OF A LOWLY LONDONER.

THE DAUNTLESS THREE

[Sergeant-Major Darrell, Gunner Darbyshire, and Driver Osborne, of L Battery, Royal Artillery, have been recommended for the Victoria Cross.]

Orders had come to Battery L
To hold the ridge and to hold it well—
To cover the march across the plain
Of troops retiring on Compiègne:
The simple orders they received
Were to guard the way till they were relieved,
Protecting the rear with their trusty guns
From the coming swoop of the myriad Huns.

The night wore on, and the early day
Opened in mist that was dense and grey;
All was silence, and none could see
What the movements of troops might be.
The men imagined their task was o'er
And waited the order to march once more.
But signalling plans, it seems, went wrong,
And never a message came along.

Higher and higher the sun arose;
The mist is melting, it slowly goes,
The beams of the sun its vapours dispel—
The new scene surprises Battery L!
For there, on the frowning hills around,
Masses of Germans cover the ground:
The British and French had got away well,
But they'd somehow forgotten Battery L.

From the laughing army over the way,
Ten guns and two Maxims come into play;
The first cannonade is direct and dire,
The Battery's horses fall to the fire.
'Tis a murdering thing to suddenly know,
Instead of a friend, you face a foe:
But the Battery, losing horse and man,
Must stay where it is, and do what it can!

Its horses are slain, and it cannot move
Its guns in retreat by labour of love;
Of the guns themselves there are only three
That the men can train on the enemy.
Only three guns the duel to begin
The foe have ten, with two Maxims thrown in!
It is fearful odds, and they know it well,
But there's no complaint from Battery L.

Not a man-jack of them is unnerved—
Just as at Woolwich the guns are served;
Though whistling shot and shells that screech
Mow down the gunners at the breech.
Officers served the guns with the men—
Every rank was equal then;
And when one fell, in a fraction of space,
Up stepped another to take his place.

They fought like heroes, they fought like gods,
But ten to three are terrible odds;
And, spite of all that valour could do,
Of three guns the enemy silenced two.
Two guns gone from a poor little three!—
Well, that's when an Englishman's fine to see.
And, of all the tales our histories tell,
In front will be that of Battery L.

One gun firing, and that the last!
The men who serve it are falling fast;
Glad in grim death, before they go,
To heap high ruin upon the foe;
The aim is true, and the range is right,
The Germans are in a pitiful plight,
But little they guess that across the plain,
Only three Englishmen remain!

Darrell, and Osborne, and Darbyshire!
They fought for a day, nor ceased to fire
Till killed or retreated were all the Huns,
Leaving to us ten silent guns:
And when help came to that marvellous band—
Three wounded men who could scarcely stand—
A wonderful hush on the regiments fell,
And they stood and saluted Battery L!

Printer's Pie.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published in this column. Should more than one competitor call attention to the same slip, the amount will be forwarded to the sender of the first letter opened. In the case of newspaper cuttings, sufficient must be forwarded to identify the name of the journal and date of issue. Envelopes to be marked "Pie" in the left-hand top corner.)

"Yorkshire Evening Press":—
"The German Press is conducting a campaign to prove that Belgium was deceived by English, who, it is asserted, depicted the Germans as SAUSAGES: HENCE the people were FRIGHTENED when the German troops approached."

"Daily Record and Mail":—
"Lieutenant ——'s FIRST THOUGHT is for the comfort and feeding of his mary."

"Portsmouth Evening News":—
"A set of resolutions .... was forwarded to President Wilson, protesting against the use of aerial bombs, and urging the President to use his endeavours TO THE CONTINUANCE of this practice."

"Evening Telegraph":—
"Very early in the day the first of the liners bearing the living FRIGHT came around the Cornish coast."

"Daily Mail":—
"It (Germany) is as united and as convinced of the justice of its cause AS WE ARE OURSELVES."

"Westmorland Gazette":—
"One girl of about sixteen had with her a little brother and sister. She is probably the SOLE SURVIVOR of a large family."

"Evening Standard":—
"Mr. Birch said . . . the past year had been the most SUCCESSFUL in their career, every one of their undertakings having proved UNREMUNERATIVE."

"Newark Advertiser":—
"She has spent the whole of her life in the HARVEST FESTIVAL, held in the Church on Friday."

"Daily Mirror":—
"About £40,000 damage was done and 100 employees RESIGNING ON MARRIAGE WERE PASSED yesterday at Nurwood Vale Bleach Works, near Bolton."

"North Mail":—
"Dark green tartan is MORE INVISIBLE in the field than khaki."

Bull's Eyes.

NOTES OF INTERROGATION:—
Isn't the Ottoman getting tired of being "sat on"?
Haven't the German spies had a "spicy" time lately?
Aren't they calling them "natural-lies-ation" papers now?
Isn't the invasion of this country still very much "in the air"?
Does General "Oie o'Kluck" know the right time to "strike"?
Has the Kaiser got a "return" ticket for his "trip" in Belgium?
Aren't the spy investigations providing some "concrete" examples?
Haven't the war correspondents had to take a "back" seat at the "front"?
Aren't some of the German "Generals" losing their "characters"?
Are the Germans turning their backs on our Army to show their "contempt" for it?
Aren't the publicans saying that to give them a "close" time is making game of them?

* * *

We look upon the German threat to blow up the Houses of Parliament as a distinct infringement of *our* rights.

* * *

The Kaiser is said to be suffering from insomnia, but some of his generals have been caught "napping."

* * *

"Those German soldiers must be powerful fellows," said a dear old lady. "They throw bridges over rivers."

* * *

Soldiers who have tried them as a substitute for tobacco say that tea-leaves a nasty taste in the mouth.

A splendid gift for a Soldier or Sailor—a "John Bull" Pen.

ANOTHER HUGE PRIZE FOR FOOTBALL SKILL!

HOME AND AWAY WINS AND DRAWS.

NOTHING TO PAY.

£1,000

FOR ALL-CORRECT COUPON.

£125 MUST BE WON.

This week we are giving our readers another opportunity of winning a mammoth cash prize by Football Skill. £1,000 will be paid for an all-correct coupon. In any event £125 must be won, including a special and extra prize of £25 for a *Mary Bull* Mauve coupon. The competition is quite free and you can send as many coupons as you like. Post your entries early. Scottish readers can participate.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO

is to forecast the results of the League games, to be played on Saturday, November 14th, given on the entrance form on page 2 of our cover. Note the special method of marking your forecasts, as explained on the coupon.

£1,000 FOR ALL-CORRECT COUPON.

The sum of £1,000 will be paid to the competitor sending in an entrance form containing correct forecasts of all the matches given, played to a finish.

COUPON and Rules on PAGE 2 of COVER.

Should no entrance form be received giving the whole of the correct results, £100 will be paid to the competitor sending in the most correct forecasts, even if only 8 or 10.

£25 "MAUVE" COUPON PRIZE.

In addition we shall pay an extra £25 cash prize for the most correct forecast sent on a "Mary Bull" mauve coupon.

By using a mauve coupon, you have the opportunity of winning not only the £1,000 or the £100, but an extra £25. Thus in any event

£125 MUST BE WON.

Should a mauve coupon win, or share the £1,000 or £100, the £25 will be awarded to the sender of the next best mauve coupon. The mauve coupon will be found in this week's "Mary Bull" on sale Friday, October 30th

Address "John Bull," 23, Floral Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C. Mark envelope "Football Contest No. 6"

The closing date is Friday, November 13th.

FILL IN THE COUPON NOW—AND POST EARLY!

RESULT OF FOOTBALL COMPETITION NO. 4

We are not surprised that all competitors failed to get a correct coupon. Some of the results of the matches were of so unexpected a nature that we must congratulate the three following winners, whose coupons showed only four errors, and who consequently share the £100 Consolation Prize. Each receives £33 6s. 8d.

J. BUSBY, Castleon, near Cardiff.
G. FAWORY, 31, Marmion Road, Clapham Common, S.W.
MRS. RANDS, 86, West Street, Scunthorpe.

Five competitors sent in *Mary Bull* Mauve Coupons showing five errors. These share the £25 Mauve Coupon Prize, each receiving £5. Their names and addresses are as follows:—

Mrs. R. GILBERT, Carway, Kidwelly.
Mrs. HOWELL, 31, Whipcord Lane, Chester.
W. PATTERSON, 149, Brownlow Hill, Liverpool.
Mrs. Wm. LONGSTAFF, 6, Milton St., Saltburn-by-Sea.
Mrs. SMITH, 42, Palace Road, Crouch End, London.

PITY THE POOR EDITOR!

GEMS FROM OUR LETTER BAG.

"Should the germans Air Ships come over here or in France and Elswere do not let our Aeroplanes ram them, As our, Allies have done and have lost their lives in so doing, as I am given to understand by the Newspapers, I quite think I have an Idea which may prove useful. My suggestion is to take up an Archer with a Bow and Arrow, and have in the head of the Arrow a small quantity of explosive a very small quality of powder and have strip of scratch paper or sand paper with a small hook attached each side of Arrow head, so when the Arrow pierces the canvas or gas bag of an Airship the small hook of each side of Arrow head will hook in canvas and draw the sand paper across the fireing substance in arrow head, his fire powder in arrow head this will explode the gas- and down comes the Airship."

"Could you tell me what the average wage per week of a malt extractor is?"

Racing Notes.

Last week we intimated that we would to-day deal finally with the Cambridgeshire. There is no need to waste words over it.

JARNAC II.*

is the best thing backers will get for many a day to come. He should win easily—there is no question about his getting the distance—and we prophesy the result thus: 1, JARNAC II.; 2, DIADUMENOS; 3, AMBASSADOR.

The Dicker stable should also be followed at Lingfield.

Apart from the big race, Wednesday's programme is very interesting. For the New Nursery CICEROMAR, with all her weight, will not be out of it. She was badly left when much fancied at the last meeting. The Scarborough Stakes looks good for GREEN FALCON, and BUGLER BOY should have the winning of the All-Aged Selling Plate.

To-morrow (Thursday) MATELOT looks well in the Houghton Handicap. With no FRIAR MARCUS in the field, REDFERN is the very likely winner of the Dewhurst Plate. PUSS-IN-BOOTS should win the Ditch Mile Welter and RUSHFORD the Richmond Nursery.

On Friday in the Houghton Stakes, SNOW MARTEN will probably prove her Kempton form all wrong and win. The Criterion Nursery is an open sort of event, but FINGER BOWL is certain to go close. YOKOHAMA in the Final Plate is almost bound to win, and ARMANT should be worth support in the Queensberry Handicap.

There are many also at Worcester on Thursday and Friday, and here on the first day CHALIMAR in the Riverside Nursery and SIX HILLS in the Visitors Selling Plate look probable winners. On Friday, CARPE DIEM can win the Deerhurst Selling Nursery and NARCISSE the Croome Plate.

Alexandra Park winds up the week and probable winners there are CHARMEUSE in the Autumn Welter, HAPPY FANNY in the Highgate Handicap, GRACE CUP in the Woodland Nursery and SWEET SUN in the Broomfield Plate.

'BULLETS' GREAT XMAS OFFER!

1500 TURKEYS

£250 FIRST PRIZE

TEN WAR PRIZES OF £10 EACH

250 TURKEYS
TO BE WON THIS WEEK.

At great expense we have secured 1,500 Specially Selected Turkeys as "Bullets" Prizes. 250 of which are to be won this week.

In consequence of the War, Turkeys will be very scarce this year, and more especially. Many of our readers will probably find it impossible to procure one at all. The "Bullets" Turkeys will be of the very biggest quality and WORTH AT LEAST £1 EACH. They will be despatched to prize-winners in ample time for the Christmas Dinner, and winners will be notified immediately the awards are made each week.

Such an unequalled opportunity of securing a Fine, Plump Turkey for your Xmas Dinner should on no account be missed.

In addition a First Prize of £250, Ten Special War Prizes of £10 each, numerous Cash Prizes, and 2,000 other Prizes are to be won

£250 FIRST PRIZE

TEN PRIZES OF £2:10/- EACH

100 Prizes of 10/-

2,000 OTHER PRIZES

200 Prizes of 5/-

Bullets can be constructed only from any of these 30 Examples.

BOMBARDED ATTACK	SHOCKING GUY	BABY'S COMFORTER	CHILD'S PLAY	SHUTTING UP
A BIG RUSH	CLEARING THEM OUT	WHEN SWEETHEART ARRIVES	NO QUESTIONS ASKED	IN A STEW
RUNNING SHORT	TOMMY'S LETTERS	BROKEN PLEDGES	SCANTILY ATTIRED	RETURNING HOME EARLY
THE KAISER THINKS	IN THE DARK	MOST TIRING WHEN	PLAYING AT SOLDIERS	WAITING FOR THE
GETTING CLOSER	ASSUMED NAME	MAKES MOTHER FAINT	LOSING INTEREST	PAYING THE PRICE
TRYING FOR TURKEY	THE RIFLE BRIGADE	A WELCOME PROPOSAL	PUTTING IT DOWN	STANDING AWAY

Closing date, Thursday, November 5th.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(109) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page iii of cover.

Signed .....

Address .....

A Sixpenny Entry Fee Must Accompany this Coupon.

Not more than three words may be used to construct a Bullet.
This week's Bullets Coupons will also be found in "Mary Gall," dated November 7th.

Closing date, Thursday, November 5th.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(109) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page iii of cover.

Signed .....

Address .....

A Sixpenny Entry Fee Must Accompany this Coupon.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS NO. 109." "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.
Write "COMPETITION" on top left-hand corner of Envelope.

2,571 PRIZES Value £1,175 THIS WEEK!

HOW TO MAKE BULLETS.

First choose any of our thirty examples. Then give two words or three words having some bearing on the example chosen. The FIRST AND LAST word selected MUST begin with ANY OF THE LETTERS in the example chosen. If three words are selected any word can be used as the middle word.

For instance, if you take the example, "IN THE DARK" and take the letters "T" and "I," using the word "FEARS" as the middle word, you can make the Bullet, "THE FEARS INCREASE." From the example, "NO QUESTIONS ASKED" the Bullet "AFTER NUPTIALS" can be formed. Again, if you choose the example, "IN A STEW" using the letter "T" as initial for both the first and last word, you can form the Bullet "TRAVELLING WITHOUT TICKET."

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. But if both coupons are used an entry fee of one shilling must be sent.

The ink will not run if the coupon is slightly warmed before being used.

RESULT OF THIS COMPETITION WILL BE FOUND IN OUR ISSUE DATED NOVEMBER 21st, 1914.

RESULT OF 166TH BULLETS COMPETITION.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:—

Mr. G. A. WILLIAMSON,
Ellerker House,
Beverley High Road, Hull.

Example:—CONTEMPTIBLE LITTLE ARMY.
Bullet:—CHRISTENED, NOT CONFIRMED.

10 WAR PRIZES OF £20 EACH:

Mr. HAROLD FOX, Bank House, 331, Hunslet Road, Leeds: THE CROWN PRINCE—COLLECTIONS OUTNUMBER PERFORMANCES.

Mr. R. J. HEADING, 153, Hatfield Road, St. Albans: WIFE'S RELATIONS—SUBSTITUTE FOR FIREGUARD.

Mrs. A. COOPER, 2A, Jenner Street, Carrington, Nottingham: BRITISH PLUCK—UNPURCHASABLE WHEN CORNERED.

Miss B. DESMOND, 48, The Avenue, Brondesbury Park, N.W.: CONTEMPTIBLE LITTLE ARMY—RESEMBLES BAD PENNY.

Mr. M. THATCHER, Saverne, Cressingham Grove, Sutton, Surrey: BRITISH PLUCK—BEST NATIONAL INSURANCE.

Mrs. B. M. JONES, Astwood House, Caerleon Rd., Newport, Mon.: THE LATEST NEWS—"EYE-WITNESS" DESCRIBES WEATHER.

Mr. JOHN MORGAN, Laleston, near Bridgend, Glam.: SAME OLD GAME—ONLY BISMARK'S MISSING.

Mr. A. B. MORRISON, 64, Inderwick Rd., Stroud Green, N: E. UNWELCOME ADVANCES—"EXCUSE ME, MISTER."

Mr. WM. A. SULLIVAN, 31, Melford Rd., Leytonstone, N.E: AMATEUR WORK—MURDERER'S—AFTER UHLANS.

Mr. H. A. SWEENEY, 18, Arundel Avenue, Sefton Park, L'pool: THE KAISER'S HOPE—I DON'T ENLIST.

TEN PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH.

Mr. KEVIN COLLINS, 31, Lower Abbey Street, Dublin: SAME OLD GAME—ALIEN GRASPS SITUATION.

Mr. WALTER BROWNE, Eblana House, Carlingford, Ireland: BONE OF CONTENTION—FEEDS LAWYER'S FAMILY.

Mr. JOHN HENSTOCK, 11, Leasowe Avenue, Wallasey, Cheshire: SAME OLD GAME—LODGER EXPECTING LETTER.

Mr. H. W. PYM, 11, Hall Place Gardens, St. Albans: ON GUARD—DROWSY TRAVELLER DEPENDS.

Mr. SAMUEL W. MILLAR, Probate Court, 13, Bishop Street, Londonderry, Ireland: BRITISH PLUCK—ILLUSTRATED BY BIGAMIST.

MARGARET E. DAVIS, P.O., Begelly, Pembroke, Wales: CONTEMPTIBLE LITTLE ARMY—"TURNED" TO ACCOUNT.

Mr. ROBERT WILLIAM SMITH, 36, Lawrence Road, Liverpool: FILLING THE GAPS—FORECASTING RESULTS, FRIDAY.

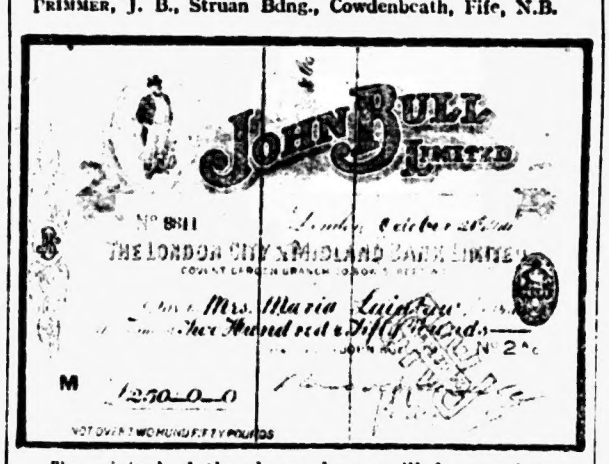
Mr. HENRY ORLEY, 30, Rosencki Road, Staines: BRITISH PLUCK—CRITICISING WIFE'S PASTRY.

MAY ROWETT, 33, Wood Street, Newark: BRITISH PLUCK—SLAVERY KILLED SLAVERY.

Mr. A. M. SHEPHERD, 36, Whitefriars St., Fleet St., London, E.C: CONTEMPTIBLE LITTLE ARMY—"ENGAGING" LITTLE THING.

100 PRIZE WINNERS OF 10s. EACH.

ALLWOOD, R., 16, Heathdene Road, Streatham, S.W.
BALDWIN, D. (Miss), 40, Keswick Road, Blackpool, Lancs.
BENNETT, D. (Mrs.), 4, Kingborn Place, Edinburgh.
BETTS, C. S. (Mrs.), The Post Office, Helpston, Nr. Peterborough
BOREHAM, E. St. JOHN, Power House, Lots Road, Chelsea, S.W.
BRAMLEY, E. A., 8, Jewbury, York.
BRUCE, D., 61, Falcon Road, Edinburgh.
BUCK, R., Glenholme, Aynsley Terrace, Consett.
BUCKASS, W., Twizell Road, Beamish, Durham.
COLLIER, J., 4, Edgar Road, Clive Vale, Hastings.
COX, W., Edendale, St. Albans Rd., Kingston-on-Thames.
DANIELL, D., 66, Castle Avenue, Rochester.
DOUGLAS, G., Netherneld, Station Road, Yardley, Worcs.
DUCKWORTH, A., Thorn Bank, Smithy Bridge, Rochdale.
EVANS, T. W., 20, Westfield Lane, Mansfield, Notts.
GIBSON, J., 61, Comely Bank Avenue, Edinburgh.
HAWKINS, C. H., 4, Wellington Street, Devonport, Devon.
HEWITT, H., 7, Whittington Street, Plymouth.
HUDSON, J., 10, College Street, Whitehaven.
HUTCHINSON, A., Rosefield, Hilton, Inverness.
FOWKES, N. (Miss), 41, Rawson Street, Southfields, Leicester
FRASER, J. H., Victoria Terrace, Lenzie, N.B.
FARMER, J. B., 91, Burford Road, Evesham, Worcs.
FISHER, MARGARET, Kingswear, Penn Hill, Parkstone, Dorset.
FOLEY, M., 21, Spencer Road, Chiswick, W.
FOWLER, J. R., 8, Whalley Avenue, Mayfield Road, Levenshulme, Manchester.
GARNER, J., 96, Miall Street, Nottingham.
GOMM, J., Sergt.-Major Depot, Headquarters, Poplar Street, Viaduct Street, Ardwick, Manchester.
GREEN, J. A., 13, Noster Hill, Beeston, Leeds.
GRIFFITHS, W. R., Highfield, Humphrey St., Lower Gornal, Dudley.
GRIBBLE, Mrs., 57, Park Road, Heavitree, Exeter.
HAIGH, S., 61, St. Johns Road, Batley.
HAYER, A. E., 15, Bigg Market, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
HUTCHINSON, M. (Mrs.), 147, Roundthorn Road, Oldham, Lancs.
HEMSTEAD, M., 59, Warwick Road, Batley, Yorks.
IRELAND, C., 35, Kitchener Street, Sunderland.
JORDON, D. M., Orchard House, Horns Cross, Greenhithe.
JUDGE, J., 8, Denton Street, Heywood.
KEY, W. J., 3, Gillott Street, Marlpool, Derbyshire.
KISBEY, H. J., Vaudeville Club, 98, Charing Cross Road, W.C.
LAWRENCE, A. H., Nuneaton Road, Collycroft, Nuncaton.
LEE, E. S., 16, Caroline Street, Jarrow.
LESLIE, A., 69, Sheet Street, Windsor.
LEWIS, S., 81, St. John's Road, Oxford.
LONGFORD, H., 55, St. Denys Road, Southampton.
MARSH, T., 17, Keswick Road, St. Helens, Lancs.
MASKREY, A. G., 46, Leopold Street, Derby.
MEREDITH, F., 49, Castle Street, Edgeley, Stockport.
METCALFE, C. H., 11, Harcourt Street, Heworth, York.
McCLURE, E. (Mrs.), Cloneen, Lansdowne Road, Belfast.
McGREGOR, A., 9, Gairbraid Street, Glasgow.
McKINNON, C., 23, East Trinity Road, Leith.
MONDS, C., Schoolmistress, Garrison Schools, Marlboro' Lines, Aldershot.
MORLEY, J., 13, Churchill Road, Willesden Green, N.W.
MOUNTAIN T., (Pte.), Bradford Batt., P.W.O. West Yorks Regt., Manningham Lane, Bradford, Yorks.
MURRAY, T. H., Fireman, Fire Brigade Station, Brook Green Road, W.
MASON, W. J., 118, Lower Oxford St., Castleford, Yorkshire.
NORIS, W. H., St. Andrews, North Hermitage, Shrewsbury.
NEWTON, F., 43, Rose Street, Sheerness-on-Sea.
OAKMAN, K. S. (Mrs.), 72, Hanover Road, Kensal Rise, N.W.
PALMER, C. W. (Pte.), C. Coy., 5th Queen's Surrey Brigade, Canterbury.
PHILBRICK, A., Officers' Steward, 1st Class, H.M.S. "Vernon," Portsmouth.
PICKARD, A. (Mrs.), 111, Lancaster Road, Morecambe, Lancs.
POWELL, J. W., 7, Manor Street, Nottingham.
PRIMMER, J. B., Struan Bdng., Cowdenbeath, Fife, N.B.



The original of the above cheque will be on view at the premises of Mr. P. McInnes, newsagent and stationer, 87, Nicolson Street, Edinburgh, from Thursday, October 29, and from Monday, November 2, at J. Menzies and Co.'s bookstall, Waverley Station, Edinburgh.

A reproduction of the cheque will be shown daily on the screen at Cinema House, 18, Nicolson St., Edinburgh.

PRESTON, E. E., 9, Dalston Lane, London, N.E.
RATCLIFFE R. J., 99, High Street, Fenton, Stoke-on-Trent.
PHIPPS T., 20a, Hexthorpe Road, Doncaster, Yorks.
RANDS, E. A., 29, Broom Hill, Ipswich.
READING, A., High Street, Solihull, B'ham.
REEVES, E., 61, Holmesdale Road, Reigate, Surrey.
REID, A. E., 81, Orleans Road, Old Swan, Liverpool.
REID, J. R., 112, Clifton Road, Aberdeen.
RICHARDSON, J., 10, Herschel Street, Moston, Manchester.
RILEY, A., 87, Somerville Road, Small Heath, Birmingham.
ROSSITER, G. P., 7th City of London Reserve Batt. "E" Coy., 24, Sun Street, Finsbury Square, E.C.
RYE, A., 3, Lowcay Road, Southsea, Hants.
SANDERSON, J. D., Stuarts Terrace, Townhill Road, Dunfermline.
STANFORD, S., 117, Henry Street, South Shields.
STOKES, G., 64, East Street, Bury, Lancs.
SUGDEN, E., 202, Stanley Road, Bootle, Liverpool.
SUTTON, R. (Miss), 35, De Montfort Road, Brighton.
SWIFT, EMMA, 56, Camberwell Grove, London, S.E.
STEPHENS, W. H., 33, Lichfield Road, Stafford.
THOMAS, S. M., 30, Rutland Street, Swansea.
THOMPSON, H. R., 47, Distillery St., Norwich.
THORNTON, F. W., 51, Islington Road, Southville, Bristol.
TOMLINSON, I. (Mrs.), 55, Langsett Road, Sheffield.
U'GLOW, A. H. (Mrs.), 110, Gt. Brickkiln St., Wolverhampton.
WAKELY, JUDGE, Ballyburly, Edenderry, King's County, Ireland.
WARD, N., 59, Church Street, Bilston.
WARREN, A. E., Carter Paterson's Depot, Selway Road, Stratford, E.
WATT, P., Almabank, Smith's Road, Motherwell, Scotland.
WEBSTER, M. (Miss), Fairfield Rd., Derby.
WELLS, F., Astley Place, Pontnewydd, Monmouthshire.
WIGHTMAN, D., 31, Castle Street, Dundee.
WILKINSON, M. E., Holly House, Bond End, Knaresborough.
WILSON, E. E., 407b, West Green Road, Tottenham, N.
WOOD, M. (Mrs.), 159, Front Street, Arnold, Notts.
WOOD, A. (Mrs.), 121, Washington Road, Sheffield.

Selection from 200 Prize-Winners of 5s. each.

SAGE, T., 15, Avondale Road, Gelli Ton Pentre, Glam.
SEAMAN, F. H., 24, Ashton Avenue, Harehills Road, Leeds.
SHARDLOW, H., 8, Oxford St., Ripley, Derby.
SHARPLEY, S. E., 6, Wood Street, E.C.
SHARP, H., c.o. North Lincs. Iron Co., Ltd., Scunthorpe, Lincs.
SHARPE, J., c.o. 63, Rugby Place, Lidget Green, Bradford.
SHERGOLD, S., Cotchele, St. Dominick, Cornwall.
SIMPSON, C. C., Northern Bank, Ltd., Dungiven, Co. Londonderry.
SIMPSON, J., 41, Greenlees Road, Cambuslang.
SMITH, G. E., 171, Whitehorse Lane, South Norwood, S.E.
SMITH, B. (Miss), 320, Woodhouse Lane, Wigan, Lancs.
SMITH, F., County Court, Manchester.
SMITH, G. O., Wharf House, Buckingham.
SMYTH, J. B. (Mrs.), Fermanagh St. Clones, Co. Monaghan, Ireland.
SPENCER, W. M. (Miss), Clifton, Ventnor, Isle of Wight.

"BULLETS" RULES (*which must be strictly adhered to*).

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. A careful study of the winning efforts from week to week will also indicate the standard of merit to be attained. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons on page 28, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. Both coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed ——— & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses, and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons.

4. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner, or have portions of another coupon pasted upon them.

5. Entries must reach us not later than the first post on the morning of Thursday, November 5th.

6. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified Judges.

7. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

No element of chance enters into the adjudication of our "Bullets" Competition. Every coupon is judged by TWO DIFFERENT Members of our special staff of Adjudicators, who have been elected by reason of their high qualification for this work. This staff put aside all coupons which they considered sufficiently meritorious to qualify for a prize. So that before any coupon is rejected, TWO DIFFERENT Judges have to decide that it is not of sufficient merit to receive a prize. Then, all coupons selected are considered by the Competition Editor in consultation with the Judges. In this manner the coupons are reduced in number to correspond with the total number of prizes to be awarded. The Competition Editor, again in consultation with the Judges, next selects all the lines of outstanding merit. These are placed before the Editor, who, after consultation, decides finally the order of merit. This system of judging keeps a large staff of Adjudicators continually occupied the whole of the week—so thoroughly is the work done. We would point out that, by this system of judging, no award is decided arbitrarily by one mind. It is only after a line has been considered sufficiently meritorious by a BODY OF JUDGES IN CONSULTATION, all of whom are specially qualified for the work, that it can receive a cash or any other prize. As regards the principal prizes, the coupons of outstanding merit are considered many times by the Editor, and also by the Competition Editor and the adjudication staff in consultation, before the final awards are made. In a sentence, ALL coupons are read and considered and re-read and re-considered by a specially selected staff of highly-qualified Adjudicators, under the general supervision of an experienced Competition Expert—and in consultation with the Editor. That is why "Bullets" constitute a genuine skill contest, free from any and every element of arbitrary decision or of chance selection.

Complete List of all Cash and other Prize-Winners in the above Competition can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

If the German Crown Prince—

If the German Crown Prince could have his way with the £100,000 worth of superb furniture now on view at the "Midland" Salons—it wouldn't be long before the loot was on its way to Potsdam.

For at the "Midland" there are galleries upon galleries of splendidly-made furniture in almost infinite variety. Every style and period is represented, from the classic work of Sheraton, Chippendale and the other famous old designers up to the newest ideas of the most modern craftsmen.

And when you look at the plainly marked prices you will be astonished to find how inexpensive such beautiful furniture really is, *at the "Midland."*

Money buys more at the "Midland."

Nowhere else can you get the same transcendent value for every shilling you spend on furniture. And the "Midland" Ideal Terms make it easy, even in War time, to get just such a beautiful home as *you* want—and to get it out of income, without delay or disturbance of your capital.

Write for the "Midland" Book of Furniture

It contains over 1,000 photographs of furniture actually taken inside the "Midland" Salons. It is the finest, most complete and most practical Guide to Furnishing ever issued.

Free Life and Fire Insurance

The "Midland" charge nothing for credit—no interest, no deposit—nothing beyond the plainly marked prices on each article.

Ideal Terms.
Town or Country.

Worth		Per Month.
£10	...	£0 6 0
£20	...	0 11 0
£30	...	0 17 0
£40	...	1 5 0
£50	...	1 8 0
£100	...	2 8 0
£200	...	4 10 0
£500	...	11 5 0

Larger amounts pro rata.

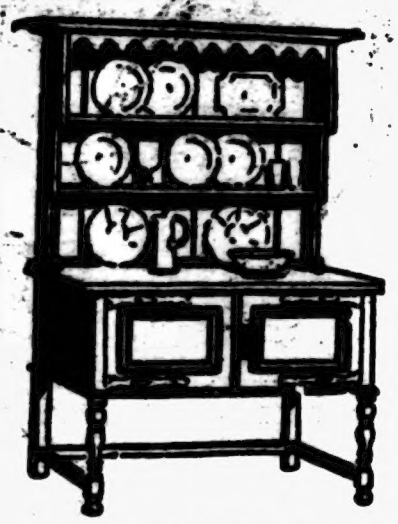
Customers can also obtain free insurance policies whereby all furniture purchased on Ideal Terms becomes the absolute property of the wife in the event of the death of the purchaser. All furniture thus purchased is also insured against fire free.

Country Orders.

All goods carefully packed free of charge, and forwarded carriage paid.

10% Discount for Cash.

An exceedingly comfortable Easy Chair, double sprung, sumptuously upholstered and covered in art tapestry to customer's choice. An exceptional bargain at £2 15s. 0d.

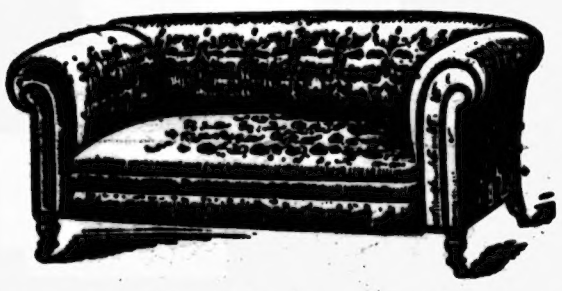


Soundly constructed Oak Dresser of quaint design, with roomy cupboard in the lower part, and oxydised hinges and fittings. Finished in any shade desired.
£3 3s. 0d.

Handsomely finished Sheraton style Mahogany Bedroom Suite, comprising 4 ft. Wardrobe with bevelled oval mirror in door and drawer at foot, Dressing-chest with bevelled swing mirror at back, Washstand with marble-top and tiled back. Complete, with 2 cane-seated Chairs.
£14 14s. 0d.

Rail Fares Paid.

If you live outside London, your fare up to London will be refunded to you on all purchases amounting to £20 or over.



Large size Chesterfield, beautifully upholstered and covered in tapestry to customer's choice. With or without drop end. £4 14s. 6d.

Midland

Furnishing Company, Ltd.,

Contractors to H.M. Crown Agents for the Colonies,

15 to 23, Southampton Row, Holborn, London, W.C.

Seven doors from Holborn and Holborn Tube Station.
1 minute from British Museum Tube Station.

Hours—9 till 8. Saturdays—9 till 1.

Governing Director, GEORGE MICHAEL (*who has been associated with the business for 40 years*).

Printed and Published for the Proprietors (John Bull, Ltd.), by Odhams Limited, 93 and 94, Long Acre, London, W.C. Agents for the Colonies—Gordon and Gotch, Ltd., London, Australia, Canada, etc. South Africa—Central News Agency, Ltd. Also Imperial News Co., Ltd., Canada. All Editorial Communications must be addressed to the Editor at 93, Long Acre, and applications for Advertisement Space in "John Bull" must be made to Messrs. Odhams Limited (Advertisement Department), 93-94, Long Acre, London, W.C. Telephone: Gerrard 2596.